The Fifteen COMFORTS OF *Rash and Inconsiderate* MARRIAGE.

OR,

Select Animadversions UPON THE *MISCARRIAGES* OF A *WEDDED STATE.*

Done out of French.

The Fourth Edition, with the Addition of three Comforts.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READER.

IT is an Old Saying, That every thing grows worſe and worſe, which the *Venuſian* Poet ſeems to confirm in theſe following words, much to the ſame purpoſe,

Ætas Parentum, pejor Avis, tulit
Nos Nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem Vitioſiorem.

Notwithſtanding whoſe Authority, and the pretended Antiquity thereof, I'll be bold to affirm, that this Adage in the Vulgar and mistaken Application thereof, carries neither Sence nor Reaſon with it, having no other Baſis to ſupport

it, but Malice, Ignorance, or both; and tho' this Treatiſe ſhould not abſolutely prove the contrary, it will at leaſt ſhake, if not totally explode that common Opinion, *viz.* That Woman is the worſt piece of the Hexameron Creation, and conſequently, according to the *Maſculine* tho' in truth, meerly Sophiſtical Logick of this Modern Age, become (the more the pity) the Subject of all the Raillery, or (in downright Engliſh) Railing againſt that harmleſs and innocent Sex; and queſtion not but by this Diſcourſe all Diſſenters will be of my Opinion, that if ever Vertue did appear and ſhine with Glory, Splendor and its own Native and Charming Beauty in any created Subſtance it is moſt viſible and conſtant in the Female, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs that I have a particular Inclination to, and Deference for that Sex, holding my ſelf obliged to vindica-

the

them from those Calumnies where-with they have been so foulely and causlesly aspersed by Ancient, as well as Modern Authors; nor am I to blame for deserting my own Cause, to justifie what may seem against my self, and espouse the Equitable Condition and defence of the contrary, and so much injur'd Party. This is the Composition of some Amorous Person, who animated with the same Spirit and Affection as I am, hath undertaken (and judged it his Duty too) to satisfie you, and (he hopes) so far as to work upon you a Persuasion that the Modesty, Bashfulness, Debonaireté, and Civility, together with all Qualifications that adorn and beautifie the Soul, are as Exemplarily eminent in Women of this Age, as ever they were in any of the former; and instruct you to set a value on their Actions, as the best Creatures in the worst of

Times, whose Vertue must need
shine with the greater Lustre, be
ing subject to the vain Assault
and Ineffectual Temptations o
Men, grown old (like the Times
in Wickedness, Malice and Re
venge.

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THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Philoſophers and Sages of former Times, as well as thoſe of a later Date, have ſpent Operam & Oleum, *exhauſted their Spirits, and waſted their Bodies, till at laſt, by their Indefatigable Pains and Induſtry, they crumbled into duſt, and all to inculcate this Doctrine, grounded upon ſolid Reaſon; that it is certainly a greater Happineſs for a Man to enjoy Freedom uncontroul'd, than to enſlave himſelf for ever without Compulſion. He muſt of neceſſity forfeit his Reaſon, that is of a contrary Opinion; for as a Modern Poet ſings truly;*

Surely their Heads unpeopled are with Brains,
That hug their Fetters, and embrace their Chains.

That man is unqueſtionably ſenceleſs, who enjoys his Freedom in the Vigor and Sprightlineſs of his youth, living in the Stream of wealth and the high Tide of Pleaſure and Delight, is careſs'd by For-

tune, laden with Favours, and almoſt cloy'd with Comforts; a Perſon that may cry Sciolto to his Paſſions, give them the looſe Rein, gratifie his Appetite and Guſt, with whatſoever three of the four Elements can furniſh him; and yet this Perſon, notwithſtanding all theſe Advantages, throws himſelf into an Abyſs of miſery, confines himſelf to a Perſon (a Wife) whoſe beſt Qualification is Peeviſhneſs, forfeits his Freedom, Reaſon, Content, and Satisfaction, and loſeth his own, to enſlave himſelf to the Humour of another; and this too for Life, for whom the Art and Wit of the Pregnant and Subtile can never procure a Ranſom in order to Redemption. Would not any rational Creature judge him guilty of Statute-madneſs, who being ſhewn the Loathſomneſs and Horror of a Dungeon, views the maigre and ghoſt-like Aſpect of the famiſhed Priſoner, hears the hideous Shrieks and Groans of ſhackled Malefactors, the ratling noiſe of whoſe heavy Irons is a Harmony only fit to drive a ſerious Man out of his Wits; would not, I ſay, any Perſon gifted with Reaſon look upon him to be mad beyond the Cure of Drugs or Medicines, who ſhall nevertheleſs ſhake hands with his Liberty,

and

and the unaccountable delights that attend it, and cast himself into a Goal, with a resolution never to be discharged, but to lie there and perish? The very Brutes, tho' never so stupid, or wild, value their Roaming Liberty at the highest Rate: hazarding, nay, losing their Life, which is their All, their whole Being, their little Eternity (pardon the Expression,) to preserve their Freedom; and shall Man, the perfection of the Creation, endow'd with a rational Soul, inspir'd by the Deity, come short of Inanimate Power. Inconsiderable Animals, in a business of such weight and concernment, upon which the Contentation, and in truth, Felicity of Human Life doth consist? Dii avertant.

Consider farther to confirm this argument the Desire and Love of Freedom and Liberty, is so innate in all Persons, that not only Man, but Woman, the weaker Sex, nay, Children, a weaker part of the weaker Sex, have hazarded, nay, lost Wealth, Fortune, and Life, rather than part with so precious a Jewel. The sad Catastrophes of Persons and Kingdoms, the horrid Massacres and Murders, the Torments, Plagues, Battels, Quarrels and Discontents between Nations and Parties, the Depopulation of Republicks, the De-

moliſhing of Kingdoms, the Extirpating of Princes, the Aſſaſſinating Kings, Emperors (a Curſe on the Diſciples of Lame Loyola *for that King-killing Tenet) nay, moſt of the Barbarous Tragedies that have been acted upon the bloody Stage of this World, have had no other ſource than the natural Deſire and Affection of Liberty (how juſtly I diſpute not) and Property, the Darling Twins of Mankind, ever ſince the firſt Prevarication.*

The wild Beaſts of the deſart are enſnar'd and taken in Pit-falls by the Craft and Cunning of the wary Huntſman, who with Artifice contrives them ſo, that they are narrow at Top, and broad at the Bottom, from whence there is no poſſibility of Eſcape, but they muſt continue a Prey to the over-wily Man that made the Snare, and ſo the Brute loſeth the Liberty which kind Nature conferr'd upon him, and unkind Man Craftily deprives him of. The ſame thing may be ſaid of thoſe that are married, when they are once enchained and fettered with the Bands of Matrimony, a ſad ſtate (as it often falls out, if they once fall into it) from whence there is no Redemption. The ſilly, mute fiſh, after the ſame manner, labors with divers turnings to wind it ſelf into the Net, Baited

thereunto,

thereunto, till at last she loseth her Life and Liberty. This Net in truth is the Net of Matrimony, and the Youthful Precipitate, Heedless Hot-spurs of this Age, whose Chins are scarce cover'd with tender Down, are the Fishes without the Net, who fancy to themselves, that they may Bathe and Swim in a Calm and undisturb'd stream of Pleasure, and at last launch out into a Torrent, or rather Sea of misery, encompassed with nothing but Storms and Tempests to their continual disturbance and vexation, having lost themselves in an inclosure, that they can neither break through, nor leap over, but there live discontentedly, languish painfully, till they dwindle away to nothing, and so at last Die miserable. It is a saying of the Learned Scaliger, that a Wife is an Hectic Fever, never to be cur'd by any thing but Death, nor can any wise Man deny it.

The report is current of a famous Physician, Valere by Name, who being ask'd by one of his Friends, (that had the misfortune to be catch'd in the Nooze of Wedlock,) whether he had done well in changing his condition of single Life, returned him this bitter, tho' true Answer; Friend (said he) could you not find out some Precipice

cipice to cast your self headlong from thence into the Sea? intimating thereby, that he had made a better Election, had he gain'd some high Rock, and precipitated himself into the Fathomless Ocean, there to consummate at once all his Miseries, rather than involve himself in a Turbulent Sea, the distractions, discontents and Vexations of a Wedded State, never to be redressed; a Malady that bids defiance to the power of any Drug or Doctor, how famous or exquisite soever.

Great and inexpressible was the Regret and sorrow of the Arch-deacon of Tours *in* France, *who being so infatuated (shall I say) or fascinated, as to forsake the Happy, and Religious Life of a Clerk, with all its appendent Priviledges, married the Reversion of another, (a Widdow) and foolishly fell into a Quagmire, wherein one had been drown'd before him; with whom being link'd by the Indissoluble and Gordian-Knot of Marriage, he led a tedious life, or to speak more properly, endur'd a Vassalage almost insupportable; for which he sang a mournful Ditty, to the Tune of*——

Fortune my Foe, *why hast thou married me, and chaunted a Cordial Palinode, reserving to himself only this Com-*

Comfort, that he had ſome hope by his own Miſcarriage, to forwarn others from the like Inadvertency and Raſhneſs, and to that purpoſe compos'd ſeveral Learned Treatiſes, to dehort all Men from ſuch unadviſed Enterprizes and Attempts. Nor is he ſingular herein; for many perſons of great Parts, and known Abilities, have endeavour'd to diſcover the Servitude, and more than Egyptian *Bondage of a Coupled Condition; and in my Judgment, to be Free without Cenſoriouſneſs, the Eighteen Comforts of Matrimony herein fully diſplay'd, and clearly laid open, are the greateſt Misfortunes, Pains, Diſcontents, and Torments that can enter into the Thoughts of Man. Yet for all that is premention'd, I do not blame the State of Matrimony (as now inſtituted by the Church) for beyond all diſpute, Marriage is an Eccleſiaſtical and Religious Tye, a Boundary to Extravagancy, giving a Check to the exorbitant paſſions of the wild and hot-headed Youth of both Sexes, and confining them to one perſon, which is but Juſt and Lawful, and not permit them, like brutes to range about in Common, or the Sect of* Nicolaitans, *who differ'd little from Beaſts in that Prophane and Diſſolute Tenet of theirs, Community*

nity of Women; nor do I find fault with those that marry; I am of their Opinion, and say they do well; for we sojourn in this World to endure and suffer Afflictions, to allay the heighth of our Pride, and give a Check to all Eccentrick and Irregular Passions, that after the miseries of this Life, we may thereby be prepar'd and fitted for a happy and blessed Estate hereafter. And indeed I do not think that a Man can by the Compass of this Life sail into a deeper Ocean of Misery and Affliction, considering the inevitable Grievousness and indispensible continuance of a Married Life (I mean only such as rashly and unadvisedly without due consideration of the Temper and Constitution of one another meet and marry, the want of which good Election and Choice renders the Wedded state so Burthensome and insupportable) which undoubtedly exceeds all the Racks and Engines of Torment that the Barbarity of Tyrants, and the malitious Wit of Man ever invented; but yet when a Husband is once inur'd and accustomed to the Domestic Jars of a double Life, and like the Ass, bears the burthen patiently, which custom hath made so Tolerable, that he prides himself in his fondness, patience, and long suffering; of this

bis, in fine, there may be made a good Application, or at leaſt he may make a Vertue of neceſſity: for that is but a Foppiſh and vain Conceit of ſome empty Pates, that Patience per force is a Medicine for a mad Dog, and ſo conſequently not worth the refutation. To conclude, I have taken ſome Pains in compoſing theſe Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who are in that State; and I am confident dare not contradict them, without they give their Wives the Lye, when they are once faſt and intangled in the Net; and for prevention of others, by way of Caution, from running the ſame Riſque, the utmoſt Remedy whereof is a thread-bare Patience, or a whining Recantation; or if they muſt venture upon this Charybdis, to avoid Ship-wrack in ſo dangerous a Condition, let them look before they leap, according to the old Proverb, and elect ſuch a Perſon as may be link'd in Temper and Humor, whoſe Souls may be united as well as their Bodies, that ſo their Hour-glaſs may run to the laſt Sand without Interruption or Moleſtation, and they have a Numerous happy Iſſue, (the dear Pledges of a Married Life) to perpetuate their Name and Memory, that their

Aſhes

Aſhes may leave a fragrant ſmell to Poſterity; for otherwiſe if they embrace this Holy Ordinance, without due and ſerious Conſideration, (upon which moment depends their Happineſs upon Earth) they deſerve the Burial of an Aſs, and by my conſent ſhall drop into the Grave without either Tears or Pity.

THE

THE First COMFORT.

Young Formality, and a Foppiſh Female Citt.

YOUTH is naturally inclined to Mirth and Gallantry, with all the Briskneſs and Gaiety imaginable; has Limbs agile and active, fancying nothing but Muſick, Dancing, Balls and Plays, where the Variety of *Female* Objects fire the Young *Sparks*, in ſo much as *Love* ſoon breaks out, and many times to their Ruin and Deſtruction. In this *Heat* of Paſſion the *Youngſter* viſits Ladies, Complements after the new mode, Careſſes them with all demonſtrations of *fervent Affections*, makes his *Amours* with a kind of ſtarch'd Formality, which turns all into Ridicule, tho poſſibly that ſet way of Courtſhip may pleaſe the Foppiſh Female *Citt*, and gratifie her Childiſh Humour: Thus far he proceeds with Applauſe and

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Acceptance, but this will no way satisfie the Young Gentleman, he must come to *Embraces*, free her from the Curse of Barrenness, and himself from the Scandal of Impotence; and now the Game begins; he is pregnant with *Love* and must be delivered, tho the Remedy proves ten times worse than the Disease; in short he plies the business so *briskly*, and pursues her with that Warmth and Constancy, that she can no longer resist, but in spight of all her *Maiden Modesty*, must yield to his Proposals, tho she perchance Counterfeit a *Blush* at the Condescention, she being as ready to comply with *him*, as he to apply himself to *her*, and as willing to understand the Sweets of the Marriage-Bed, as the Hot Youth that so vigorously pursues her. Thus in a short time the whole Business is concluded, and the Solemnity of their Matrimony perform'd with as much, or rather more Vanity and Expence than is consistent with the Ability of either, or both of them; but fall back, fall edge, the *Knot* is tied, never to be loosened, but by Death, the *Priest* having joyn'd them so firmly together, that 'tis impossible to un-hand them again; tho probably before the Moon hath run her Men-

Menſtruous Courſe, the *Husband* may appear like that Grand Luminary in her firſt Quarter, and ſhe curſe the Canonical Garb that faſtned them in ſo ſtrict a Band as that of Marriage, as will appear, and that very ſuddenly.

Now you muſt imagine, that our *Gallant* minds nothing for the preſent, but the ſatiating himſelf with Delight, Dancings, Treats, and ſuch kind of Diverſions as uſually attend ſuch ridiculous and idle Conjunctions. There appears as yet nothing but *Mirth* and *Follity*, no Scene of Sorrow is admitted in this Comedy; his whole deſign is to pleaſe and court his Wife with raviſhing Addreſſes, underſtands nothing but what ſhe approves, nor entertains his Thoughts with any thing but the Contrivance of preſenting her with *Bagatels* and little *Toys*, ſuch as are apt to gratifie the vain Humor of a foppiſh young *Girl*, drawn into the Net, and wheadled or cajol'd into the Pit of *Marriage*: well, no matter, let them both run their own Career; theſe ſeeming Bleſſings, this Counterfet Felicity, this mask'd Love, and vizarded Content, will prove but ſhort-liv'd, and then let the troubles of the whole time after be balanced with thoſe few ſuppoſitious and imagi-

imaginary Delights they enjoyed in the Infancy of their *Marriage*, and the Vexations of the one will out-weigh the satisfaction of the other, by so many degrees, that Arithmetick it self can never describe its true and due Proportion. Now the time of Dalliance being over, and the Cares of the World coming upon them, you shall understand a strange and unexpected Alteration, which we may call, (and I hope without Offence) the First *Comfort* of *Matrimony*.

Now the *Wife* we must suppose to be well acquainted with the cunning Intrigues of a *married Woman*, and is not to be taught her Lesson; Feasts, Gossipings and Treats, have instructed her sufficiently how to personate the *subtile Wife* with an *Uxorious Husband*, and she begins to make an essay of her *Woman-Craft* according to the humor of those she conversed with in the Female Cabals, usually frequented by her; and thus she begins to play her *Pranks*: The other day she was invited to a Regale, a very noble Treat indeed, where there was nothing wanting to gratifie the Appetite; she took great notice of the Habit and Attire of several *Wives* of her own Rank and Quality, how richly they were accoutred, and

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after the newest Mode; this was so great an Eye-sore to her, that she watched an opportunity to disclose her mind to her *Husband*, thinking it but reasonable that she should appear as gay and as Genteel as the *best Dame* in the Parish. Now you must observe by the way, that that Woman, who is once intoxicated with the *Cup* of *Matrimony*, is very strangely qualified, and differently tempered from most of her Sex, if she be not once in twenty four hours troubled with the *Sullens* or the *Pouts* (a Disease as natural to her as Gossiping, and both incurable) tho counterfeit and causeless; and where think you is the Scene of her Sullenness? why, assuredly *in Bed*, a place where Womens feigned Tears and Sighs have an excellent Faculty of *perswasion*; and now being brought to Bed, let us examine her Deportment, there she lies like the Statue of *Niobe* petrified, and for a time as senceless; whereupon the *amorous Husband* begins to accost her with Accollado's and Embraces, asking her what is the matter, prethee, my Dear, (saith he) for he can forbear no longer, what ail'st thou? To whom she snappishly replies, *let me alone, don't disturb me*, I am very much indisposed, and have reason enough too, God knows,

knows, but you never regard what I say or ſuffer, your *Unkindneſs* ſticks ſo cloſe to my heart, that nothing will remove it but Death; I'm ſure I ſhall never reſt, but in that place of undiſturbed Reſt (the only Dormitory of Mortals) the Grave. *Deareſt!* ſaith he, you pierce my very Heart, and wound me to the Soul with ſuch ſevere Language; Why, If I ſhould acquaint you with my Diſturbance, it were to no purpoſe; for I'm confident you would ſlight it, or which is as bad, think I have private *ſelf-ends* or *deſigns* in it: No, no, you ſhall tell me, I am reſolv'd, come what will on't: Well Sir, ſince you impoſe your Commands upon me, I will obey. You are not inſenſible, I'm ſure, that not long ſince I was invited to a Collation, tho I had not gone, but with your *permiſſion* and *approbation*; yet when I was there, with great grief I ſpeak it, I heartily wiſht my ſelf at home agen; for there was not one *Individual* Woman in the whole Company, tho of the meaneſt Rank, but was more *gayly cloath'd* than my ſelf; I do not ſpeak it out of Pride, tho, I think, I may ſay without Oſtentation, that I am as well *extracted*, have had as *good Education*, have as *commendable* a Face,

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Carriage and Complexion, without the *Artificial Embelishments* of Paint, Patch and Powder, as the proudeſt ſhe of them all. As to my own particular, I ſolemnly proteſt, upon the Faith of an honeſt Woman, I do not value the outward Ornaments of Aparrel: For the gaudieſt Robes are but the Badges of our *Sin* and *Shame*: It is only for your Credit, and the Reputation of our Friends and Relations that I am ſo much concern'd. Prethee how *glorioufly* did they appear? Some in Flower'd *Sattin Gowns*, embroidered with Gold; Petticoats adorn'd with the beſt *Point de Veniſe*, attir'd with their Hair, and their ears adorn'd with *coſtly Pendants*, their Necks encompaſſed with Pearls, and the graver ſort in the beſt three-Pil'd Velvet; inſomuch that I, appearing only in my *wedding Gown*, and that, tho nigh worn out, the *beſt Suit* in my Wardrobe, could not forbear bluſhing all the time I was in Company; nay, that which troubled me moſt, was, that one or two of our Neighbours told me, they did admire my Husband was not *ashamed* to ſee me go in ſo *mean a Garb*. To which the good man replies, Sweet Heart, you know, that we have been at great Charges to furniſh our ſelves ſo well

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as we are; that *Trading* decays, Losses have befallen us: I have a chargeable *Suit at Law* to defend next Term for the Recovery of *your Portion*, which will cost me many a fair Pound before I enjoy it. Ay, ay, (quoth she) I did Imagine as much, and expect no other from you, but (what I am now sensible to my Sorrow) Reproaches; and so in a Pet she flings out of his *Arms* with *Scorn* and *Indignation*; pray let me alone, don't come near me; and I'll assure you for the future, I'll never *open my Lips* to you agen as long as I breath upon this acount; therefore pray rest satisfied: But hold, Love, are you angry without a cause? No, no, the contrary is too apparent; the *Portion sticks in my stomach* as well as yours; had you had nothing with me I am not in a Capacity to bestow any thing upon you now, my Love and Affection to you, methinks should prevent such *Reflections*; but you know, as mean as I was, that I was *Courted* by several before ever you made any Address to me, who would have been glad with all their hearts to have *married* me without so much as a Smock to cover my Shame, had not you interpos'd and gained my Heart, which now you study to plague

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and Torment. O unfortunate Woman that I am! but I muſt be *content* with my *choice*, and *bear* all as patiently as I can; would I were as deep in the ground as I am high, and then you would be rid of me, and I of my trouble: Really Love, ſaith the Novice, you do not well in uſing of me thus, *ask what you pleaſe*, and you ſhall have it to the utmoſt of my Ability, but yet I muſt have a Care of the main Chance; prithee turn to me, my dear: for Gods ſake, let me be *quiet*; if you thought no more of *fondneſs* in this nature, than I do, you would never come near me more, I am not ſo Buckſom, I'll aſſure you: Ay, but Child, ſaith he, in a *Jocular* way, if my Head were once laid, you would ſoon be *Married* again, I warrant you; would I, (ſaith ſhe) in truth, find ſo little *Pleaſure* or *Comfort* in a Wedded Condition, that if I were once *unmarried*, I would be ſo far from it, that the beſt he, that ever laid Leg over Woman, ſhould never ſo much as *touch* my Lips, as long as I have a day to live, take that from me, and be ſatisfied. With this kind of *Diſſimulation* ſhe entertains the Fop, who is both in Pleaſure and Pain at once; in Pleaſure to think he is ſo *Coſt* and *Chief* a Wife; in Pain, becauſe he

ſees her ſo much *diſturbed*. Thus ſhe Treats him all Day with a *Contracted Brow*, and all night with ſuch *flattering Diſcourſes*, not one good word is he worthy of, ſo that he is forced to *beat* his Brains for Money to *purchaſe* the *Rich* Gown and Petticoat, the want of which is the *Source* and *Original* of both their Diſcontents. Well! they muſt be had, *quo jure, quaque injuria*, by Hook, or by Crook, no *ſlumber* will ſeize upon his Eye lids, till this be procured; away he goes, *fuſque deque*, hand over head, taking up, upon *Credit*, Silks, Laces, Jewels, and what not, and then returns home in Triumph, with the *Spoil* of the Mercer's Shop, and calls down his *Wife* to ſurvey the *deſired Purchaſe*; which ſhe no ſooner ſpies, but like acunning Baggage diſſembles, and ſays, Fy, *Husband*, in troth, you are now to blame, theſe are *too Rich* Veſtments for a perſon of my Condition, they will not at all become me, I fear; beſhrew the hearts of thoſe *lofty Dames*, that firſt invented ſuch coſtly Apparel; I would not give ſix pence for the *beſt Gown* that ever Female body was Tenant to: but however, ſince you have been ſo kind, let me beg one *ſupernumerary favour* of you not to *bit* me in the Teeth hereafter with

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it, and say, I put you to this chargeable expence: for upon my *Reputation* (and that is not to be valued) it was none of my intention; I desire no other *Garb* than what is requisite for *Warmth* and *Decency*. Now all is well, and the Man shall have his Mare agen; they live lovingly and quietly till the *day* (O that fatal day!) of *Payment*; the Money cannot be procur'd to stop the Mouths of his Creditors, who being disappointed, use the utmost *rigour* of the *Law* against him, seize his Body and Goods, extend his Lands, turn his Wife a grazing into the *wide World*, where she has only the liberty of chooſing what Kingdom she pleases to *beg* in, and he, poor *undone Man*, is clapt into a Goal, there to endure a close and beggarly Confinement, *durante vita*; where he has *time* and *room enough* to lament his Deplorable Condition. The Woman she returns to her Friends, Curſing the hour that she was born in: never such a disgrace befel a Woman of her Birth and Education. Alas! Alas! (saith she) have I studied *œconomie* all my life long, and taken so much *pains* in *governing* my Family, been as *sparing* as any *good Wife* in the Parish, and all to keep both ends together, and is it come to *this* at last? O

Death, come and put a Period to my Misery! Thus the *harmless Woman* bemoans her misfortune, lays all the fault at the poor Man's door, (poor Man indeed) and now he is *fast* in the *Net*, and the more he struggles, the more he is intangled; in short, he's laid up for his Life, and his Creditors, (for that's all they're like to have) may make *Dice* of his *Bones*.

The Second COMFORT.

The Credulous Coxcomb, the Gadding Wife, and Cousin-Gallant.

IT is the Misfortune of *some* Men, (and those *some* are too many, God wot) to prepossess themselves with a Conceit, that Reason, Sence and Demonstration can never convince them of; such is the case of the *Husband* that enjoys the *second Comfort of Matrimony*: we are now discourling of, who will not be perswaded by all the World, but she is the *Handsomest Woman* in it, tho he is much mistaken; but I cannot blame him; for *Beauty* is nothing but *meer Fancy*, and if I conceit black and blue to be a comely Complexion, it is so to me: Having thus in his own Opinion Married a *Fine Woman*; he maintains her as *finely*: Her

brisk

brisk humour inclines her to *Visits*, *Treats*, and *Jovial Meetings*; tho this her Husband diſreliſheth, but all to no purpoſe; for ſhe's of a *gadding* temper, and out ſhe muſt for Health and Recreation; but how to contrive the way to effect it quietly, *hic labor, hoc opus*; ſhe is invited to a Feaſt, and a *pretended Friend* or Relation (who is no more of kin to her than Sir *George* is to the Dragon) however he comes to her, and ſhe Salutes him by the name of *Couſin*, good *Couſin*, dear *Couſin*; and her Mother, to palliate the buſineſs, calls him ſo too, ſhe knowing the better how to manage that *Amorous Affair*, becauſe it hath been her *own Condition* formerly; but the Husband is unwilling to have her go, alledging many *faint* and *frivolous* Excuſes; yet to take off all *Jealouſie* from the Good-man, her Friend will ſay, in good Faith, Couſin, I have *no mind* at all to go to this *Feaſt*, I have buſineſs to do, nor would I ſet a foot over the Threſhold, God knows my heart, were it not for *your* and my *ſhe Couſins* Credit; and you know 'tis neither Modeſt nor Modiſh, for a Gentlewoman of her Rank to *beſtow Viſits* without an Attendant; tho I am ſatisfied ſhe is *averſe* to any ſuch kind of Promenade, or Collation; for of *all Wo-*

men, that ever I knew, when she is *abroad* she makes such ado to *come home*, that she almost disturbs the Company. The silly Fop now begins to *encline* and *grant* the Request, but first asks *what Company* they expect at this Entertainment? Excellent Company indeed Cousin! there will be your *Mother-in-Law*, my *Wife*, your *Cousin*, Mr. such a ones *Daughter*, and most of the *good Neighbourhood*; Company fit for a Princess, Men and Women of Quality. Well (quoth the Man) *you may go*, for this once, but I hope you don't intend to make a *Trade on't*, have a care of your self, and be sure you don't bring Night home with you. *Leave* being thus obtained, the *subtle Lady* feigns an unwillingness, saying, indeed Love! I care not for *going out* at present, let me intreat you that I may *stay at home*; but he, having a great Confidence in the Cousin, says, nay, nay, sweet Heart, I would not have you so *ungentile*, as to disappoint your Neighbours, since you are ready, and the Assignation is *pre-design'd*, prethee, Child go; whereupon away she *frisks* like Lightning with her Cousin-Gallant, fleering all the way at the *contented one* at home, saying, that he has some small smack of Jealousie, (and a great deal of Reason for

for it.) To the *Place* they come, and are no ſooner arrived, but ſhe is *Nobly received* for her Husband's ſake, Treated with Airs, Balls, Banquets, and a thouſand pretty little *Frolicks* and *amorous Gambals*, not fit to be here mentioned: All her *Lovers* are now met together, like Flies in Summer, every one intending to have a *lick* at her *Honey-pot*; every one putting forward, as he finds opportunity. One *Complements* her at a very Modiſh rate; the other *Preſents* her with a rich Diamond; one gives her the gentle *Tread* on the Toe, *en paſſant*, as the *Frenchman* hath it; the other gives her the *amorous Squeeze* of the hand; another leaning diſpondently upon his Elbow, reaches her with a *languiſhing Eye*; So that ſhe muſt needs be void of all Senſe, if ſhe depart without *underſtanding* all their *good intentions*. Thus every Spark endeavours (as much as in him lies) to make her Husband bear the *Turkiſh* Enſign of Chriſtian Matrimony in the Van; which at laſt proves the occaſion of her *ſhame* and his *ſorrow*; for either by the mis-management, or miſ-timing of her *Amorous Deſigns*, or the diſcovery of her *Frolicks* by ſome ſpecial Friend or Relation, the Husband comes to *underſtand* the whole

Truth, and nothing but the Truth, which drives him into a ſtrange *Paroxyſm* of Profound *Melancholy*, that all the Helleborе among the *Anticyræ* can never *recover* him: if he attempt to *ſtrike* her, that won't do, but only add fuel to her Fire; that will take off her *Affection*, ſo that ſhe will never *dally* with him, but only to paſs away the time for want of *better Company*, and make uſe of him only as a *Cloak* to ſhrowd and conceal her *Laſciviouſneſs*. Thus is the poor Gentleman ſenſible of the *Second Matrimonial Solace*, being now faſt bound to *Ixion*'s Wheel of Miſery, where he muſt live in a moſt *languiſhing*, and die in a very *miſerable* Condition.

The Third COMFORT.

The Bonny Girl, Twatling Goſſips, and Contented Drudge.

THE Youngſters of this *Wanton* Age, are ſo high-fed, live ſo much at eaſe, their Blood is ſo *plentiful* and *ſprightly*, that they cannot contain themſelves long without an *Evacuation* of the Extravagancies of the *Fourth Concoction*, and ſo muſt take a Wife (the Remedy oftentimes proving *worſe* than the Diſeaſe)

and

and *eagerly purſue* their own Miſery and Diſcontent; for our young Couple being Married, at the uſual time the *Teeming* Bonny Girl *grows big*, tho poſſibly (as it too frequently falls out) not by the ſuppoſed Father; and now he begins to underſtand the *Miſery*, *Trouble* and *Affliction* of a wedded Life; now muſt the poor Fellow *trot* all about the Town on his *Wife's Errands*, to purchaſe all things that may pleaſe her, if poſſible; for ſhe begins to be *ſquemiſh*, her Stomach fails, grows weak and peeviſh, like her ſelf, and nothing will *down* with her but what is of the *beſt*; now he muſt trudge about night and day, ranſack Heaven and Earth for *Delicacies* to cheriſh and comfort her, and empty his *Purſe* to fill her *Paunch* with Dainties; and this pleaſant life muſt be led for ſix or ſeven Moneths together, while his Wife *Pampers* her Carcaſs at home, and can ſcarce get a good word for his pains (a poor *Gratuity* for his kindneſs) nay probably, complains ſhe is not ſo *carefully provided for*, as other Women in her Condition; altho the poor Man riſes early, goes to Bed late, and eats the Bread of *Carefulneſs*, contriving all ways poſſible, for the *proviſion* of his Family; but this is not all, the time of her *falling*

in pieces draws near, and here the poo
Fellow is expoſed to a *world* of *Charg*
and *Trouble*; out he muſt to procure God
fathers and God-mothers, and ſuch as ſh
approves of too, for in this he is not al
low'd the freedom of his *own Election*
the Midwife muſt be fetcht, dry and we
Nurſes provided (a ſort of *chargeable Slut*
who will *lap* up more *good Liquor* in on
day, than the good Husband ſwallows i
a whole Week) in ſhort, her Throes com
very thick upon her, and ſhe is ſurrounde
with a *Crew* of *Goſſiping Neighbours*
the Good-man in the mean time is at h
Devotion for her ſafe Delivery, whic
being over, then all his Care is to plea
the *Woman in the Straw*, and her Twa
ling Companions, who eat and drin
merrily, and he ſpares no coſt to entertai
them, and if any thing *diſpleaſes* then
'tis forty to one, but one of the Goſſi
ſtarts up and ſays, in troth, Mrs. I do v
ry much *wonder*, and ſo does all th
Company, that your *Husband* takes n
more *care* of *you* and *your* Child, eſpec
ally being your *Firſt-born*; what wou
he do, I trow, had you five or ſix? ſa
another, I'll aſſure you, if my Husban
ſhould *ſerve me* ſo, I would ſtudy Nig
and Day to be *reveng'd* of him; Inde
ſa

ſays a third, I would not have you put up this *Affront* patiently; for if he ſerves you thus at the firſt, his uſage will be *courſer* to you hereafter. Couſin, ſays a fourth, I admire, that you, being ſo *diſcreet* a Woman, and of a *good Family*, that you can endure his unworthy *behaviour* to you, eſpecially in this weakly condition: Alas! replies the Wife, I know not what to do with him, he is ſo *croſs* and *unkind* to me. Upon my word, ſaith the other, he is an *ill-natur'd Man*, that he is not here in perſon to attend on this good company: Then ſtarts up a *Bold, Imperious Houſewife*, and thus begins to chatter; All the Neighbours here know very well, it was a *common Rumour* of my Husband, that he was the *untowardeſt* Man in the World, and would often threaten to *break my bones*, and be the death of me; but I thank my Stars for it, and my undaunted Spirit together, that I have *tam'd* him ſufficiently; I have brought him now to that paſs, that he dares as well eat his Nails, as *do* any thing to *diſoblige* me. 'Tis very true, when we were *firſt Married* he began to be Lofty and Malepert, but I pluckt up a *good Spirit*, ſet my foot in the *Stirrup*, rode him with a *Bit* and a *Snaffle*, till I quite tired; and curb'd him

him of his *Resty, Skittish Humour*: insomuch that he has confest, there is *no good to be done* with me by foul means: may, if he had kill'd me, I was resolv'd never to *Truckle* under him; and now I can *say, and do* what I Please, without the *least contradiction*; for I will have the last word, right or wrong; so that now he crosses the Cudgels to me, and *submits*: nay, I will assure you Gentlewomen, there's no man living, how *perverse* soever, but his Wife may bring him to be *Complaisant*, if she take right measures, and manage him with Discretion; therefore, pray Neighbour, when your *Husband* comes Home, ring him such a Peal as may make his Ears glow, and his Heart ake, or you'll never *get the better* on him as long as you have a day to live. Thus these Gossiping Baggages, having cloy'd 'emselves with good Wine, and *plentiful Cheer*, abuse the poor Man for his Pains, and by their advice set the Husband and Wife at *variance*, the *Curse* of parting Man and Wife light on them for their pains. Well being thus gorged with Edibles and Potables, away they go, and leave the Woman to *play her part* according to their goodly Instructions. At length Home the Husband returns, having undergone the *Drudge-*

ry

ry of the Day with Care and Pains, and no sooner enters his own Doors, but enquires how his Wife does; the Nurse, like an *Instructed* Dissembling Slut, makes answer, that she is in a very *weak condition*, and this bout had like to have cost her Life; I have tended several in my time, but your Wife is the *weakest Woman* I ever look'd to in all my Life; thus they Teaze the foolish Man, who cannot rest till he hath seen his Wife; into the *Chamber* he goes, and the first Salutation is, how is't my Dear? Truly Love, very sick and weak; I am very sorry for it; and fear you *fast* too much: I cannot eat, my Appetite is Pall'd and gone: Well, I will order you some *Gelly-broths* and *Caudles* to comfort you; which he does accordingly, and sends 'em to her: Thus tir'd with running about all day long, he calls for some *Refreshment*, which is brought him, being only the *Reversions* of the Servants, which he is content with, whilst his Wife is cherish'd with *costly* and *comfortable* Draughts, he only swells his empty Maw, with Flatulent and Sower *Sizes*, and to Bed he packs up with his Head full of care and sleep; in the Morning up he gets by Break of Day, *visits* his Wife, and asks her how she *rested*; alas! (saith she) I

have

have not so much as *closed* my eyes, or had one *wink* of sleep all this Night, tho she rested as well and soundly as if she had taken a Dose of *Opium*. My Heart, saith he, the *Gossips* will be here to day, you must *make much* of them, and should think of rising to *entertain* them; for you have kept your Bed above a Fortnight; Love we must be as *saving* as we can, Charges are great, and I have much ado to keep both ends together. Think of Rising! (says the Wife) a Curse on the Hour I was born! O, that I had *died in Labour*, and then there had been an end of me! Is it come to this indeed; must I rise already, and am not able to stand upon my Legge? Do you long to see me *drudging about the House* before I am able to creep? You are a very *kind* Man, a most *loving* Husband indeed; I find now you wish me dead, so do I too. Well! well! I am content to rise to Morrow, come on't what will; I do very well foresee what I must *undergo* for the time to come; what would you do, if I had ten or twelve Children, which *God forbid*, and if it be his will, I hope this is the last? but Gods will be done. As for Gossips coming to see me, I had rather they would stay at Home, and so they would if they knew how

little

little their *Visits* pleaſe me; nor would you your ſelf (if you had any reſpect for me) *promote* their coming, when here were Twenty *Diſcreet Women* at leaſt, who came to ſee me with a great deal of *Kindneſs* and *Reſpect*, and the Chear you provided for them, I would be aſhamed to ſet before their *Servants*; this is truth, Sir, I ſaw it with my own eyes, overwhelm'd with Tears, to hear that they ſhould in a *ſlighting*, *ſcoffing way* take notice of it. Well, My Dear, you are ſoon moved I find to *Paſſion*, tho I give you no *occaſion*; but ſatisfie your ſelf, that henceforth, I ſhall be content that you *pleaſe your ſelf*, and riſe when you think it convenient. Do what you pleaſe, Sir, only I beg of you to talk to me *no longer*; for I am *very full* of Pain, and would deſire you to ſend to our Neighbours *not to come* becauſe I am ſo much *indiſpoſed*; Love, ſays he, they *ſhall come*, and be well treated too; for Gods ſake let me alone, and do what you will. Then one of the Nurſes attaques him with her *deceitful* Tongue, pray Sir, do not *force* my Miſtreſs to ſpeak, it is very *dangerous*; for ſhe is a very *weak* Woman, and if the Wind gets into her Head, it will do her and *irreparable Injury* (O brave Doctreſſes!)

then

then she *draws* the *Curtains*, and the *Wife* and the *Husband* are not yet Reconcil'd; however she expects the *Gossips*, who will act their parts so *effectually*, and give him such Flouts and Jeers, which will so *tame* him, that he may be easily *led* any where by the *Nose* for ever after. However away he goes and makes *Provision* for them in a more plentiful manner, by reason of the Reproof he received from his Wife. The Gentlewomen at the *time appointed* appear, he welcomes them all, and *conducts* them to his *Wife*'s Chamber; where *they* and the *sick Woman* Eat and Drink heartily, to a more than becoming Festivity, and *Flirt* and *Joke* with the Master of the House, till they have quite *dispirited* him, and made him a meer Mamma Mouchey; so that now he is content to *do any thing* for a quiet Life, *dandle* the Brat in his Arms, *dry* the *fift Clouts* on his Horns, for fear the *Nurse* curse him, or else his *Wife* (having got the better end of the Staff) tell him plainly, he shall *never more enter* her Premises. This *comfortable Life* he must lead; his Wife must be *maintained* at a high rate, and have her *Will* in all things; he must live *Meanly* and *Penuriously*, having his will in *nothing*; and thus he is caught in

the

the *Net*, where he *struggles* to no purpose, for there he *must Live*, in ſpight of Fate, *Deſpicably*, and die *Wretchedly*.

The Fourth COMFORT.

The decay'd Gentleman, the Virago and her Tapping Daughters.

WHen a Man hath been ſo *Injurious* to himſelf as to abandon a *ſingle life*, and run *headlong* upon Marriage, without any Reaſon or Senſe; and having lived in the *ſtate of Matrimony* for the ſpace of *ten* or *twenty* years, hath his Table *ſurrounded* with *Children*, and the *black Ox* hath *trod* upon his *Foot*, all that he can do, is only to keep the *Wolf* from the door, *Charges* daily increaſing; and among them three or four Daughters *Marriageable*, but not as yet diſpoſed of, whoſe good Qualities (I mean *Pride* and *Inſolence*) are too Notorious to the World, and the *Father* hath little, or no *Portion* to beſtow upon them; he, poor Gentleman, muſt be in a kind of *Troubleſome Condition*; for his Daughters muſt be maintain'd *genteely* at home, and *well Dreſſed* when they go abroad *a la Mode*, for theſe three Reaſons:

First,

First, That they may be the ſooner *put off*, and by their Mincing Gate, and Gay Garb, *bait* ſome *Spark* or other into the *Net* of *Marriage*.

Secondly, if their Father be *Hide-bound*, and will not do it, he ſhall have his *Hands* and his *Heart* full, and they will do little or nothing for him, preſuming upon their *Mother*, who countenanceth them in ſo doing, like a *dutiful Wife*.

Thirdly, the young Women in the Neighbourhood are maintained *finely*, and well habited, and ſo *muſt they* too, and why not, as well as *other mens* Children, of the ſame Rank and Quality?

Thus is the Man *wearied* out of his Life, if he *drudge* not in the World to ſupport their *Pride* and *Vanity*, tho probably to their utter Ruine: ſometimes he beats the hoof twenty or thirty Miles about *buſineſs*, or, if he be Maſter of a Horſe, rides at other times 100, to attend the *Parliament*, or *Courts* in Term-time about a *Law-ſuit*, which hath been depending from his *Child-hood*, ſo that he is forced, to ſave Charges, to go very *meanly* accoutred, having a pair of Boots Nine or Ten Years *old*, and ſo often *vamp'd* and *mended*, that, like *Drake*'s Ship, they have not *one piece* of their *firſt Materials*

his Spurs were made in *Harry 8th*'s time, nd one of them wants the great gingling Rowel: his cloaths ſo mean and aged, hat they will ſcarce *hang together* by the ſſiſtance of Patching, ſo as to cover his Nakedneſs, or keep his body from the in-ury of the Weather: The Sword he ears is a Hacking Morglay, which ſome f his Anceſtors took at the Siege of *Troy*: His Beaſt carries behind him an *old Knap-ck*, that his Fore-fathers uſed at the Siege f *Bouloigne*; the Livery he gives is well nown, for the *Antiquity* thereof, both in ity and Country, the Coat being *worn ſhort* that it ſcarce reaches the Pocket-oles, and in good faith, 'tis like to be long nough, e're it be longer: in ſhort, thus he ves *ſparingly* abroad, to balance the great *xpences* at Home, whither he returns, ith a *heavy* Heart, and a *light* purſe, the awyers, Attorneys, Sollicitors and Bai-ifs having ſufficiently *purg'd* his Bags, d ſent him away with a *Flea* in his Ear. ing arrived at his own appartment, be-old now his *comfortable* Reception, his *nd* welcome by his Wife! who as ſoon ſhe eſpies him, inſtead of Embracing, ats him with a *ſower Countenance*, ds fault with ſome *miſcarriage* in the uſe, ſtamps and ſtorms like a *Bethlemite*,

the

the Servants being all at her Beck, dare not give any *Respect* or *Attendance*; nay, the good-natur'd Elf, dares not *open his mouth* for any thing, till the Storm is over, bears all patiently, without the least noise, to prevent *disturbance* in his Family, and sets him down some distance from the Fire, tho very *cold*, she and her Children keeping all the *heat* from him; at length being moved with her Dogged and Currish usage toward him, he may say, Methinks Mistress, you look very *sour* upon me, as if I had offended you, pray get me somewhat to *refresh* me, for I am almost *spent* and *tir'd* off of my Legs, being wet to the skin, having neither *Eat* nor *Drunk* this day, and yet you cannot so much as afford me a *pleasant* look: Yes, saith she, I had need *take care* of you indeed, you have *spun a fair Thread*, I have lost more by my Hemp and Flax since your absence, than you will *get* these *four years*, by taking your Man along with you, so that I had no body to *help me* to Soak or Whiten it; besides, I have often wish'd you, since your *departure*, at the Devils Arse of Peak, that you did not *stop* the *holes* in the Hen-house, for the stinking Pole-Cat hath eaten three of my best Laying Hens, whose loss is not so incon-

derab

erable as you imagine, and if you ſteer is Courſe, you will be certainly one of e *pooreſt Men* in your Family: Pray, ith he, Miſtreſs, don't you give me ſuch anguage, God be praiſed, I am *content* ith what I have, and ſhall have more if be his will, beſides, there are ſtill ſome *haritable*, good People in my Family; *ood*, for what, ſays ſhe, for *nothing*? know but few of them, if any, worth e mentioning: Ay, ſaith the Husband, I y good People: And *what good* do ey do you? what good? as *much good* s yours: ſay you ſo, ſweet Sir, but I'll e bold to *tell you* to your Teeth, and *ſpit* n the face of thoſe that ſhall dare to op- ſe it, that yours had been a *poor ſtock*, ad it not been for the frequent *Supplies* of ny Friends and Relations, and if they hould hear you ſay half ſo much to me, ey would tell you your own, in good aith, would they. Well! prethee ſweet eart (ſaith he) be not ſo High, let us eave off this Diſcourſe: and ſo he is for- ed to acquieſce, for fear his Friends ſhould e acquainted therewith. But the Fray is ot yet over, for it happens that one of he little Children falls a *crying*, and as falls out, 'tis the Father's *Darling*, whom he whips ſeverely, more to *ſpite him*, than

any

any thing elſe; prethee Woman, ſai
he, why are you ſo *ſharp* with the Chil
in the Devil's name, ſaith ſhe, what d
you *concern* your ſelf, you are not at th
trouble of *bringing* them up, or *look*
after them? that is my Drudgery Nig
and day, as long as I am able to ſtan
upon my legs; ſhame on you, muſt I b
thus controul'd, that I muſt not *correct* m
own Child? if I take him up agen, I'll fl
him, and do you ſeek your remedy. The
ſays the Nurſe, indeed Sir, you are not
home to *ſee it*, nor do you know what
heavy hand my Lady has in bringin
them up: by my faith (ſaith the Cham
bermaid) it is a ſtark ſhame, that whe
you come home, inſtead of our *rejoycin*
at your Company, you create nothing b
Diſturbance and *Noiſe* among us; Noiſ
ſaith the Lady, go you Fool, this is no
thing in compariſon of what I have take
at his hands, and muſt do ſo ſtill, as lon
as it pleaſeth my good God. Thus th
whole Family, by the inſtigation of th
Miſtreſs, is up in Arms againſt their Ma
ſter, who *creeps* to Bed Supperleſs an
Comfortleſs, the Children in the Nigh
bawling about his ears, that he can take
no reſt, which is done on purpoſe to
diſturb him; thus he ſpends his *days* in

Care

are, his *Nights* in Torment; and so we ave him to enjoy the Fruits of his Folly.

The Fifth COMFORT;

be Doting Cornuto, and Young Brisk Girl.

Ove or Lust, call it what you please, may be counted (if at all) *pardonable* in Young; but in Old Men not to be ndur'd; when they have exhausted their *umidum radicale*, their Bodies being inaded by Rheum, and those many *Infirities* that attend Old Age. This is the ase at present of our *Grave Senior* who married to a Young Brisk Girl of a *Nobler extract* than himself; but certainly there is reason in this, for she might ave been Matcht to a far *greater advange*, but her Friends were forced to disose of her to any one (God wot) beng but of a *cracks Reputation*, and havng had a shrewd *Mischance*, the effect of er Youthful Wantonness; and tho this ath been frequently discours'd of about he Town, yet the *doting* Cornuto, is too redulous to believe any such Rampant tories, but stands highly in her *Vindication*. Thus he, being well stricken in years,

years, abandons all sorts of Pleasures, and only studies to *turn the Penny* to advantage, that he may maintain her according to her port, Gentilely: but his Lady being of a *Generous Temper*, and in the Vigour of her Youth, is no way inclineable to that *close-fisted* humour of her Avaricious Bedfellow, but resolved to pass her time *jouisly*, and swim in *Delight* and *Pleasure*. To this purpose her first Intrigue is to get a *Gallant*, which is soon done by the *opportunities* She has at Treats and Meetings, whither She daily *rambles*; and an *Assignation* being made, they caress and embrace one another without controul or suspicion; for her *Honour* must be still preserved *untainted*; and having diverted themselves with all the Amorous Sports and Love-Toys, that *Wantonness* ever could invent, the next Diversion is to Droll at her *Aged Husband*, who is buffooned on all sides by all Persons, but more *particularly* and *bitterly* by her Ladiship. Well; home She returns, big with *expectation* of her Gallants appointed *Visit* the next Morning, and to Bed with her Husband She goes, with as much love as the Devil has for Holy Water; and by that time his *frozen Limbs* are somewhat thawed with *natural heat*, the Cuckoldly

Goat

Goat must be up and *at her*; but she pretends She is very ill, drowsie and inclinable to sleep; therefore *pray* (saith She) *let me alone*, you will infinitely oblige me, if you will *forbear* till Morning, and then I shall be fit for your service; at which the Old Oaf turns for fear of *displeasing* her; whose head runs upon nothing but *Meeting* with her *Friend*, and contrives withal, (consulting with her Pillow) how to *put off* the Old Man, that he shall not *touch her*, when Morning comes; which she cunningly effects, as followeth; either she *rises* very *early*, leaves the old Gentleman fast (for *Age* is Childish, and consequently *sleepy* for the most part) and *satisfied* or *tired* with her Gallant, before Father *Graybeard* awakes: and then summageth about the House, playing the good Housewife seemingly: or otherwise, she does not *rise at all*; but before day appears, she *sighs* and *groans* on purpose, that the good Gentleman may *hear* her, who presently asks her *how she is*: indeed love, saith she, I have such a *pain in my side*, accompanied with the *Gripes*, that I can take no rest, I think it is my old Distemper; prethee, sweet heart, turn to me; upon my faith, my Dear, I am all in *a sweat*, and *dare not* for fear of *catching cold*,

which may *cost me my life*, being of a weak Constitution: then he covers her close up, bids her *be careful* of her self, and he will *take care* of her Houshold Affairs: up he gets without Fire or Candle, yet procures her a *fire* against *her rising*: thus she takes her ease, and laughs in her sleeve at the Old Man's Folly; when he understands she is up, he *comes to see her* very lovingly, and begins to be *Amorous*, but she having a mind to *disappoint* him, says, would it were God's Will that you would never *meddle* with me, till I did *ask you*: and would you not then, says he? no, upon my *Conscience*, Love, I think not, and had I known but as *much before*, I would never have Married: Why then did you Marry, saith he? indeed *Love*, I know not I was but a *Young Girl*, and did it in obedience to the *Commmands* of my Parents what is the *meaning* on't, sweet heart, you are always, in *this humour*? I do not know, but indeed, love, were it not to *please you*, I would never be troubled with *due Benevolence*, as you call it; thus she wheedles the *superannuated Fop* into a strange conceit of her *Chastity*: so that this perswasion increaseth the *Flame* of his Affection, which he thinks can never be extinguished. But now observe the *damn*

ful

subtilty of a wily Woman, who never wants one contrivance or other to *chuse* any one she hath a mind *to please*. If she has a mind to Cajole him out of Cloaths, Rings, Jewels, Moneys, or *any thing* that she *fancies*, the Scene is quite alter'd; then, when they are both warm in Bed, how the dissembling Gipsie *Kisses*, *Hugs* and *Squeezes him* in her Arms, till his old bones rattle in his skin, and helps his *aged Heaviness* with her *youthful Activity*, so that the old Man is in a kind of Extasie, to find her so *prodigal of her Favour* and Kindness; prethee my Dear! (saith she) have a great *care of your self*, for my sake, as well as your own; for my life is bound up with yours, and one grave must contain us both: Would to God I had no other Paradise on *this side Heaven*, but to be Intombed in *your Arms*, this I speak cordially, God is my Witness; and if any Man should ever touch *my Lips*, but your self, and my Cousin, (and you allow of that by commanding me *to do it*,) then let my punishment be never to receive Kiss or Embrace from you more, and that I am sure would soon *break* my *poor Heart*; for I am confident there is not a *sweeter natured* Man in the Universe, than *your self*. No, Love, saith he, *except* the *Gentle-*

man that Courted you before me: Pish Pish, says, she, upon my Honour, I was *smitten with you* the first time I saw you, tho at a distance, I may very safely swear it was *Love at first sight*; I think it was a *Match made in Heaven*; for my Father would have Married me to that Gentleman, but I would never *consent* to it; I can give no reason for it, but it was *Decreed* it should be so. Thus she *procures* what she *designed*, tho at never so dear a rate, and this kind of *Caressing* soon opens the *Miser's Coffers*, who knows her temper so well, that she will never *give over* till she *has her will*, whatsoever it costs. Now she begins, being *furnished*, to think of other things; her Gallant, that she formerly *maintained*, must like her overworn Apparel, be *laid aside*, and a new, rich one *embraced*; but she is too crafty to be too forward, and *keeps him* at a bay for a time, refuseth his Presents and Visits, till her *Plots* are brought *to Maturity*: The young Gentleman is Enamoured, and wants an *opportunity* to meet with his Maid, which he soon obtains: Sweet-heart quoth he, I must have a *little Talk* with you; that *you may*, Sir, if you please: you know (saith he) the *extream passion* that I have for your Lady, do you think the

is any poſſibility of *obtaining* my deſires? Did ſhe ever *mention me* ſince the laſt interview? In truth, Sir, ſhe never opens her Lips, but to *your commendation*, and I am ſatisfied ſhe *wiſhes* you well: Well, Child! I do wholly confide in you, do but have me *ſo much* in your *thoughts*, as now and then to ſpeak a *good word* for me, and you ſhall be no *loſer* by it; I will beſtow a *new Gown* upon you, and here are *five Guineys* to buy you Gloves: Excuſe me, Sir, ſaith ſhe, I ſhall *not take* them; but indeed, Sweet-Heart, *you ſhall*, and ſo at length, with ſome little perſwaſion, like a right Maid, ſhe cryes *Nay*, and *takes it*: Away ſhe haſtens to her Lady, and acquaints her, that ſhe had met with her Gallant: well, and what ſays he? Why, faith, Madam, I think he is a little Lunatick upon *your account*, for he neither knows what he does or ſays: But how doſt *thou like* him, Girl? good Faith, Madam, I look upon him to be the moſt Comely, Complete Gentleman that ever I ſet my eye on in my Life, and I am of Opinion, that he will be a *very Fond* and *Faithful* Lover: nay, he is a Gentleman every Inch of him, hath a very good Eſtate, and is able to *Gratifie* your Kindneſſes, by which Means you may embrace

a Happy and Comfortable Piece of Gallantry, as long as you have the *enjoyment* of each others *Society*. In troth I am at a loss, almost at my Wits end, I can *get nothing* out of my Husband, but what is *absolutely necessary*: Pray, Madam, Consider of it, for I promised to *return him an answer* to morrow: But how, Girl, shall we *carry* this Horse? how shall we *manage* this Affair? As for that, Madam let me alone, I beseech you, I shall meet him to Morrow morning, and then I'll tell him plainly, that you *would not* so much as *lend the least Ear* to my Discourse, or consent to any thing requested (do what I could) being *so tender* of your Honour and Reputation, and I am sure I can Act a Dissembling Part pretty well. In the Morning, after she had made him *attend two hours* at least, they meet together according to Appointment. How now Sweet Heart, says the Gallant, how *is it* with your Lady? She is very Thoughtful and Pensive, full of Grief and Sorrow for the *ill Usage* of her Husband, who is so wicked a Man to her, that it is not to be believed what the *Poor Gentlewoman* undergoes: I am *sorry for't* (*quoth* he) with all my Heart; but what did your Lady say to you? upon my Faith, Sir, I

spake

ſpake to her, for which I have gained a great deal of ill Will; ſhe would not ſo much as hear me, nor *conſent* to any thing propos'd, ſo highly doth ſhie *prize her Reputation*, and if ſhe had a mind to be *kind* to her Neighbours, and love them as her ſelf, ſhe is under an *Italian* ſlavery, being ſo *kept in* and *Watcht* by the old Lump of Jealouſie her Husband. I do not remember, that ſhe ever *exchanged* a word with any Man in Diſcourſe, ſince I have waited upon her, and I have been her Servant theſe *four years* and upwards, but only with *your ſelf* the other day, whom ſhe remembers ſtill, and for ought I know, to be plain with you, would *ſooner love you*, than any other in the World. Dear Child, (ſaith he) bring but that about, and I'll be your Eternal Friend. Truly Sir (ſaith ſhe) I *have done* already all that *lies in my power* as to that, and dare not attempt any further, but in *any thing* elſe ſeaſeable, Command me, and I'm your Servant. Prethee, adviſe me what to do in this Caſe: Why, your beſt way will be to make *an Addreſs* to her your ſelf, and now is the moſt Critical time in the World; for *ſhe* and *her Husband* are at Variance, and you will find her at Church, where you may make your Amours to her, Careſs

her, and *present her*, tho I'm confident she'll refuse all; but no matter for that, she'll have a *great esteem* for you, notwithstanding her Denial, and will set a higher value upon *your Generosity* and *Worth* than you can possibly imagine, do as I counsel you, and so *all happiness* attend you. (Sanctified Advice indeed in so *Sanctified a Place*, to make the Church a *Brothel-House*, and Religion a *Pander* to sordid Lust!) When you have acted your part, as I have told you, (saith this She-Emissary of the Devil) *give me* what you intend her as a Present, and I will so order the matter, that she *shall accept* of it, or do my utmost *endeavour*, tho I lose my labour. You say very well, my Dear Child! and so they part: Away runs this Gigling Baggage, and *smiling* at her Lady; upon my Soul, Madam, there are a great many Persons in the World, who would *wish* for your *Happiness*; for he is resolv'd to Accost you, and discover his whole mind; now summon all your *discretion* together, let this be your *dernier effort*, as the *Frenchman* terms it; carry your self *strangely* to him, and hold him in suspense for a time; for you know, 'tis Expectation makes a *Blessing dear*; but be sure you be not so severe in your deport-

ment

ment as to Daſh the Young Gentleman quite out of Countenance. Thus *full freighted* with hopes, ſhe haſtens to Church, ſtimulated by Lechery, rather than Devotion; where arrived, her Gallant attacques her, but ſhe will *conſent* to *nothing*, nor accept of his Preſents; however ſhe entertains him ſo *favourably*, that he may plainly diſcover her Affection to be *more* than *ordinary*: ſo they take leave with a light heart, and the Lady and her waiting Gentlewoman Conſult how to manage the *Buſineſs cleanlily* without ſuſpicion: I am ſatisfied, Madam, ſaith her Maid, that he has a *longing deſire* to be *wrapt up* in your Embraces, and I will tell him my Maſter is gone into the Country for ſome time, and bring him the *back-way* to your Chamber, in the deepeſt ſilence of the Night, (the ſecureſt time for ſuch Secreſies) yet ſo that you ſhall ſeem to be altogether *ignorant* of my *Deſign*, and Counterfeit a *real Paſſion* for ſo ſtrange and unworthy a *ſurpriſal*, and withal acquaint him that you will *cry out*, and call upon me, and what he *preſents* you with by *my hands*, do you obſtinately refuſe at firſt; Chide me for it before his face, preſs me to return it, but yet I hope you will have the grace at laſt to *accept it*, for

in truth there is *no dealing* with Men, but by *out-doing* them in Female-Craft, the only weapons we have to defend our selves against that Sex. Now this cunning Wench finds out the Gallant, who asks her what News? In short Sir (saith she) not to Trifle away time, which is very precious, if I could prevail with her to *accept* the *present* you intend her, the Business would be done effectually, and to your satisfaction; the Gallant being *ravished* with her Discourse, immediately puts *fifty Guineys* into her Hand, as a present of his Affection to her Lady. Well Sir (saith she) I will *undertake* one thing more, for I know my Lady has a kindness for you; therefore come you the *back way*, in the *dead time* of the Night, now my Master is absent, and I will *convey you* to her Chamber, she being *Childish* and consequently *Sleepy*, you will have the better opportunity to *unclothe* your self, and to Bed to her without Delay, or Ceremony, and in all probability the *business* will be done; for when you both are naked in one Bed, and in the dark too, there is no Dispute of *prevailing*; come, come Sir! Women are Flesh and Blood, as well as Men, and subject to *Failings* as well as they: I question not but you know the old Proverb,

Faint

Faint Heart ne'er won Fair Lady, therefore be Brisk and Active, and you need not despair of *obtaining* your desire, I'll pawn my Reputation for it. The Lady is informed of all Passages between them, the *Presents are accepted*, and the Chamber-maid finds the *Lover at the Place* and Time appointed. Conveys him to her Ladies Chamber, and so *leaves* him: Now you may imagine that his Desires being winged with Love, he was not long *disrobing* himself, but steals into Bed, and *embraces* her in his Arms, at which she seems to *startle* out of a feigned slumber, and says, what, my Dear, is it you? No, Madam, it is I, says the Gallant? how you? saith she, who are you? this is not to be endured; whereupon she struggles to rise, calls upon her Gentlewoman, twice or thrice, but alas! to no purpose: and great pity 'tis, that in *such a time* of Necessity the Maid would give her no answer: Ah! (saith she) I'm betray'd, and struggles for it, till her breath fail'd her, so that she was at *his mercy*, who treated her very kindly, she *enjoying* such *gentle usage* as she *expected*, and they *both design'd*; yet, to speak the truth, Men are to blame for these rude Assaults: and what could a *poor*, *weak* Woman do alone, who

durst

durſt not *cry out* as loud as ſhe would, for fear of *loſing* her reputation? but to make the beſt of a bad Market, here's their comfort ſtill, the Curtains *cannot*, and the Maid *dares not* tell any Tales. Thus they made the beſt *improvement* of their time, and when they had ſufficiently *ſolaced* themſelves parted *amicably*, till they ſhould have an opportunity to re-enjoy their delights, the next Aſſignation. But at length by ſome unlucky accident or other, old *Erra Pater*, the Husband, comes to be *certainly informed* of the *whole matter*, and indeed more than he car'd to hear, which puts him into a Raving Jealous Fit of Melancholy, he *ſtamps* and *ſtares* like one diſtracted; but ſhe being now fleſhed with Luſt, and ſeaſoned with *impudence*, gives him as good as he brings, upbraids him with his beggerly Relations, laughs him to ſcorn, and this is the only Mirth he is like to enjoy with a *continuando*, till at laſt dried up with grief, and ſhrivel'd with Age, he brings his Gray hairs *with ſorrow* to the Grave.

The Sixth COMFORT.

Jack-hold-my-ſtaff, and Lady Pouting.

THE next Married Couple we meet with enjoy the *Comforts of Matrimony*, as much as any of the five preceeding: and here it is the *fortune* of a Man, to be Wedded to a Woman of ſo *croſs* and *domineering* a Temper, that ſhe will *wear* the *Breeches* and the *Cap* too, ſo that the poor Fop at Home is like *John* Hold-my-ſtaff, ſhe muſt Rule, Govern, Inſult, Brawl, *underſtand all concerns* at home and abroad, *anſwer* all buſineſſes, manage all Affairs, tho ſhe be never ſo well maintained, and want for nothing, yet he muſt be in the Family like a *meer Cypher*, and her whole delight and deſign is to *Plague* and *Torment* him. And thus ſhe begins; when they have paſt away the Night very *ſportingly*, and enjoy'd the *delights* of the Marriage-Bed, as all good People ought to do, her Husband leaves her in a very good humour, to dreſs and trim her ſelf up, he, in the mean time, while ſhe is Tricking, *takes care* of the Domeſtick Affairs, and when Dinner is ready

ready, ſends for his Wife to accompany him; but word is brought ſhe *will not* Dine to day, go agen (ſaith he) and bid her come, the Maid does ſo, and tells her Miſtreſs, my Maſter deſires you to come, go and tell him once more, that I *will not* come: the Good man is not ſatisfied with this anſwer, but ſends a *third time*, but to no purpoſe; ſo that at length he *goes himſelf*, and asks her why ſhe will not come to Dinner? not a word will ſhe give him; what ail'ſt thou, my Dear? not a Syllable will ſhe return, but *Pout* and *Frown*, he inquires of the Family what is the reaſon, but cannot receive any *ſatisfaction*; when, as the truth is, ſhe ailes nothing, but only reſolves to be Dogged, and perhaps *will not* come to Dinner, do what he can; at other times, poſſibly he may prevail with her, when he hath begged ſo long till the meat is *ſpoiled* at the Fire, or *cooled* on the Table, and then he leads her to Dinner, but ſhe has no ſtomach, not one Morſel will go down, and he, like a Fop, to comply with her froward humour, *will faſt* likewiſe, but then *more fool* he, for the more kindneſs he ſhews her, the more ſhe ſlights him; and, in my Opinion, ſhe is to be commended, for what need any Woman Court his favour, that doats upon her already?

ready? If he ſhould deſpiſe and contemn her, then ſhe had reaſon to ſcrue her ſelf into his *affection*, if poſſible. Another trick ſhe has to *vex him*, and that is this, when he is abroad, he ſometimes accidentally meets with ſome of his *intimate acquaintance*, to whom he is infinitely obliged, and has a deſign to *Treat them* at his own Houſe, which is more Gentile, and leſs chargeable than at the Tavern; away he ſends his Servant to her, who when he comes, ſays, Miſtreſs, my Maſter will be here in the Evening with three or four Friends, Perſons of good Repute, and deſires you would *provide* every thing neceſſary for their reception. Upon my faith (ſaith ſhe) not I, I will have nothing to do with *his Treats*, why did he not come himſelf? I don't know that, Miſtreſs, but this he *commanded* me to tell you: Go, go, you are a very Rogue, and meddle with that, that does not *concern you*. Well, to ſhew her readineſs and obedience, ſhe firſt ſends all the Servants abroad, except a *well-inſtructed* Maid or two, brought up to her *own hand*, that have the *length* of her foot exactly, and then ſhe whips into her Chamber, and locks her ſelf up. When her Husband *comes home*, he asks if every thing be ready, according to his order;

truly

truly Sir, ſaith the Maid, my Miſtreſs is very ill, and there is *no body at home* to do any thing; this puts our Maſter (if he may be ſo called without offence) into a great Chafe, but however *leads his Friends* into the Parlour, where *all things* are out of order, and therefore goes to his Wife, why have you ſerved me ſo? ſaith he. Sir, you do *command* ſo many things at once, that I do not know which to *turn my ſelf* to firſt. Fy! Fy! ſaith he, you have done me the *greateſt diskindneſs* imaginable; for theſe are the only Perſons in the World, that I am *obliged* to. And how can I help it? (ſays ſhe) what would you have me to do? You ſhew your Wiſdom in it indeed; well, do what you pleaſe; I'm ſure it don't pleaſe me. But heark you, Gentlewoman, why did *you ſend* the Servants out of the way? God bleſs me, what a Queſtion is that from a *wiſe Man* as you are? Did I know, or could I divine, think you, that you had *any occaſion* for them? When the miſchievous Wretch ſent them out of the way, on *purpoſe* to diſappoint and Fret him. Away he goes agen to his Friends in a fury, but ſhe values it not, knowing the Storm will ſoon blow over. To be ſhort, he buſtles about, and ſets all things in as *good order* as he can. Then

he

he ſends for ſome of the Table-Linnen, and word is brought *there's none* to be had. He goes to his Wife, and tells her what a ſhame and diſgrace it will be, both for him and her, not to have *fine Linnen*, ſhe tells him there is Linnen out already, *good enough* for them; for I'm ſure my Friends and Relations are content with it, when they beſtow a Viſit on us, and I'm ſure they are *as good* as the beſt of them, but however to ſatisfie you, all the beſt Linnen is in *the Waſh*, except what is under *Lock and Key* in the Trunk, and the Keys *were loſt* this Morning; but you had beſt go ask the Chamber-Maid, and bid her ſeek them; for I know not what is become of them, I have ſo *many things running* in my head, that I do not know ſometimes *what I do*, I am in ſuch diſtraction and confuſion. Then the Fop bites the Lip, ſcratches his empty Nodle, and raps out a great Oath, being enraged (and cauſe enough too) that he will quickly make the *Locks flie*, if they do not find the Keys, and that ſpeedily too. Say you ſo, good Sir, quoth ſhe, I would I could *ſee that* once, you would ſhew a great deal of *diſcretion* in ſuch an action, I confeſs; but his heat being ſomewhat allay'd, he conſiders ſhe is in the right, and ſo they

fall

fall to what is *before them*; the best Wine, Meat and every thing, being at *her disposal*, but they are like to go without it, for all her Huffing Husband. Nay, they must not have *clean Sheets*, but lie in *Foul Linnen*. Well! in the Morning they take their leaves, and *divert themselves* upon the Road with the Poor, over-ridden Fools affliction, resolving *never more* to set *foot* within his doors. When they are gone, he attacques his Wife (thinking to bestow a little *moderate reproof* upon her) saying, indeed, my Dear, you are a very strange Woman, and I do not at all understand your *froward humour*: Lord bless me, saith she, what ado you keep about me? I am weary of my Life, would I were as deep in the ground as I am high; I am *up early*, and *down late*, feeding your Poultry, looking after your Domestick Affairs, Spinning, Carding, and what not, never Idle, I am sure the *Care I take*, will shorten my days; and yet all this does not deserve (the more's my grief) so much as *one good word* from you, I *scrape at home*, and am as sparing as can be, and you *spend all abroad*, yet you are not content. Thus they live a discontented, wretched Life, *old Age* creeps upon him, *Grief* seizeth him; he grows a

Sot,

Sot, and she makes a *Beast* of him; he is intangled in the Net, and if he makes himself away, or comes to some ill End, he may *thank himself* for it, and verifies the old Proverb, *Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny*, and there is an end of him.

The Seventh COMFORT.

The easie Fool, and Madam Wheedle.

THE Grave *Italians* have a Proverb, that *Honest Men Marry, but Wise Men don't*, and that is the Reason we have so many *Fops* in the World, and so few *discreet* Persons. Our next Married Couple that we shall represent to you, we will suppose to be *well Matcht*, and they enjoy themselves for some time; but the cleerest Sun may be often *overcast* with Clouds, and then according to the *Lyrick* Poet,

Desinit in Piscem Mulier formosa superne.

A *Fair* Morning may end in a *Lowring* Evening. In the heat and vigour of Youth, their days may be somewhat Pleasant; but

but the Woman *decays not ſo ſoon* as the Man, let their condition be what it will, for he is often haraſſed and broken with *Carking Care*, whilſt ſhe grows plump with Delight and Pleaſure: And as for her Pain and Peril of *Child-bearing*, I do no more wonder at it, than at the laying of a great Egg, by a Hen, or a Gooſe, the ordinary *effect of Nature*, no more, notwithſtanding all their Tittle Tattle, the Hen being always the *fatter* for laying, whilſt the Cock *ſcrapes* and *provides* for her, as the honeſt Married Man for his Wife. And when the poor Man begins to *decline*, grow *weak* and *imbecile*, the good Wife continuing ſtill very *Blithe* and *Gameſome*, then the former Delights, Amorous Tricks, Kind Expreſſions, Wanton Looks and Glances, are turned into downright Scolding, and endleſs Contention. Well! at length ſhe begins to diſcover her *good Temper*, ſhe looks ſowerly upon him with a Cloudy Countenance, *ſlights* and *neglects* him as inſufficient, and is much concern'd at the *Diſappointment* of his Impetuous Nerve, his Heat and Activity being loſt, or at leaſt abated. Then ſhe grows of Opinion, that God and the Laws did certainly ordain a Woman *more* than one Man

Man as well in *England* as in *Turkey*, and other well Regulated Countries, and ſaith ſhe will run the *Riſque*, and try how other Men are *Weapon'd* and Qualified for the Sport, and now the Game begins, ſhe grows worſe and worſe to him, leads him a *ſad Life*, that the fooliſh Man had better have choſen a Halter than a Wife, becauſe the former might have prov'd the *end*, whereas the latter is but the *beginning* of his Miſery: For now through her looſe courſe of Life, the Candle burns at *both ends*, they live at Rack and Manger (as the old ſaying is) and all tends to *Ruine* and *Deſtruction*, both of Soul and Body. Thus ſhe Conſumes with her *unlawful Luſt*, what he has Raked together by his *lawful Care* and *Labour*: Then he capitulates with himſelf, and ſays, 'tis ſtrange to me that my Eſtate ſhould *dwindle away* at this rate, I am ſure, I have ever had a Care of the Main Chance, and paid every one their own, lived *ſparingly*, cloathed my ſelf *meanly*, and all to no purpoſe; for I can ſcarce keep the Wolf from the door. At length he grows *Jealous* of his Wife, and *imputes* all his *Misfortune* to her Miſcarriage, but upon Examination of the whole, ſhe *wheadles* him ſo cunningly by her Woman-craft,

that

that he is satisfied those *Reports* of her Immodesty are *false* and malicious: She claps her hands upon his Head and wishes the Devil had all that is under her Hands, if ever *any Man kist* her but himself: and so the Fool is reconciled to his good Wife: Nay she proceeds farther; As for that Villain that misinformed you, since it must out, I'll tell you the *whole truth* of the Story; this Base, Perfidious Varlet hath been these two years *attempting my Chastity*, but I have hitherto, (I thank my God for it) kept my self Pure, Undefiled, and *repulsed him* to his shame, if he has any in him, notwithstanding all his large Proffers and specious Pretences. Can it enter into your thoughts, Sweet Heart! that I should ever *defile your Bed*, away with all such vain Imaginations! Can it be supposed, that I should leave so *kind* and *comely* a Man as you are, for the Embraces of another? I were worse than the Devil himself, if I should take such Hellish Courses; however I *forgive* him that has so basely despaired me; but I must beg this Favour of you, that you never suffer him to *set foot* again within these doors; for if you do I will shun him *Tanquam pestis & angue*, more than a curst Cur, or a poisonous Adder;

and

and I'll assure you, if I find you keep the least Correspondence with him for the future, I will *pack up my Awls*, be gone from you, and will never live with you while I have breath in my body: God forbid that you should ever live to see that day wherein I should *defile your Bed*; no no, my Dear, it is not come to that yet, and then she bursts out with Tears, wringing her hands, and *bitterly exclaiming* against that Wretch with all imaginable Female Invectives. Well! all is well; he is Banished the House, and the Good-man rails against him for a *great Rogue*, to abuse his *good*, *Modest* Wife in so high a Nature. Thus he grows fonder and fonder, becomes a meer Ass, is infatuated by his Wife, and transfigur'd into a Beast, without Sense or Reason. Thus she has *got the Day*, wears the Breeches, (and those Women are Fools that *do not* if they can) has *freer access* to her Gallant, unsuspected, than formerly, and the Fop her Husband is deaf to all Accusations: at length through this Dotage he falls into extream Penury, and finds to his Cost, *Sera est in fundo Parsimonia*. 'Tis too late to be saving, when there is nothing to save; these are the *Pleasures* and *Comforts* of a Married Life; he is made the

Scorn

Scorn and Scoff of the Neighbourhood; ſome perhaps may be ſo kind as to *pity the Honeſt Man*; Wiſe Men reject him, and ſlight his Company; his Wife *ſmiles* at his Folly, enjoys her *ſtolen Amours* undiſcovered: grows at length as *common* as a Barber's Chair, no ſooner one is out, but another's in; expoſeth her Body to every Perſon, who is ſufficiently Tool'd for her Salaciouſneſs; and at laſt (as a juſt Reward of her Debaucherry and Laſciviouſneſs) gets the *Foul Diſeaſe* of ſome Fouler Raſcal, gives it her good Husband, in Retaliation of all his *fondneſs*, ſo that they live in *pain* all the days of their lives, and at laſt end their days *unpitied*, *loathſomely* and *wretchedly*.

The Eighth COMFORT.

Father Noddy *and Mother* Snapp.

OUR next *Married Couple* that we are to diſcourſe of, are Perſons well enough Matched, if they could be *content* with what they have: God hath bleſt them with five or ſix *ſweet Children* Living,

g, and the Wife is as big as ſhe can umble with another. The time of her *livery*, and his *charges* draws nigh, and l things muſt be made ready for the *ood Wives* that are about her; at length ter ſome ſharp Throws, they give her ver for dead, the poor Man is almoſt his *wits end*, when he firſt hears that ſmal news, runs about like a Mad an for help, *falls on his knees*, prays r her ſafe delivery, his Prayers are heard, nd ſhe is brought to bed of a Luſty Boy. ow there is nothing but *Carouſing* and *ejoycing* throughout the Family, the ap runs apace, but the Goſſips Tongues, l'd with Liquor, faſter, interlarded with *utty diſcourſe*, ſuitable to the preſent caſion. The Spring of the Year is now ming on, and every one of any Quali- is *preparing* for the Country to View atures Green Tapeſtry, and hear the arbling Nightingale Carol her ſweet otes in the pleſant ſerenity of the quiet vening, and among the reſt, the *Wife uſt go* to take the Country Air after her ing in, and 'tis but requiſite for her ealths ſake: but how to perſwade him take this Journy, there's the buſineſs, ow ſhe begins to ſet all Engines at work

to that purpose; first she comes home *discontented*, and is very Snappish to her Husband; what's the matter? Love! saith he, what makes you so out of humour? the matter quoth she, I think I have *reason enough*, the Child is very much distempered with a Violent Burning Feaver, insomuch, that the Nurse protests to me (tho it was a long time 'ere I could get it out of her) that the *poor Babe* hath not taken the Breast these four days. I am heartily troubled, and know not how to help my self; but that which afflicts me most is, that upon my conscience, I believe God Almighty *punishes the Child* for *my sins*, for I made a vow to go into the Country, and I shall never be at rest, till I have *performed* it. Why, sweet heart, saith he, have a little Patience, the time is not yet elapsed, you need not be so hasty: I have a great deal of *business* to *dispatch*, and that of Concernment too, now when that is over you shall go when you please. In troth, saith she, don't tell me of business, I *must go*, and I *will go*, there's no necessity for my stay, I'm sure I can do you no service; and as for the *charges*, which I know is all your grief and fear, I will pinch them out some way

or other, tho I abate it in House-keeping; This you do to perswade the world what a *good Husband* you are; but if the truth were known, you will be found to *save at the Spigot*, and let it *run out* at the *Bung-hole*. The poor Man being thus Schooled by his Wife, must provide for this Journey, or else all the Fat's in the Fire; there will be no quietness, if she does not go abroad. Well the time is come, and they must set forward. Horses are provided, and a new *Riding Garb* for the Wife, he himself waits upon her, and must be as Tractable as a Spaniel upon the Road; his Wife is always wanting one thing or other; the Stirrup is *too short*, or *too long*, the Pillion is not *well fixt*, her Scarf flies off; the Horse Trots too hard, and makes her sick, so that she *must light* and take a Walk, then she must be *helpt up* again, and this unnecessary trouble hath the noddy brought upon himself, besides the *distillations* that she is troubled with every quarter of a Mile, she having the Diabetes, and cannot hold water long. Being arrived at the place intended; she is discomposed with her Journey, and her stomach grows so nice, that it Kecks at such Course food, as

Beef and Mutton, and ſhe muſt have a *Fowl* to *pick* upon. Well away goes the contented Fool, and Trudges about the Town for ſome Dainty bit to pleaſe his Lady, coſt it never ſo much; for you know, *far ſought*, and *dear bought* is fit for *ſuch Cattle*; and when he comes home, if his Marketting diſpleaſeth her, then ſhe as well as the reſt of her Sex, falls fowl on the Good man, ſaying, *in truth* you are the ſtrangeſt perſon that ever liv'd, not at all fit to Travel; not at all Complaiſant, you *know not* how to oblige our Sex. The Patient Fop hears all and bears all, being accuſtomed to ſuch kind of *reproof*, as the Tinker's Dog is to carry the Budget. After they have ſolaced themſelves at this pleaſant rate, as long as ſhe thinks convenient, home they return, find all thing *out of order*, the Horſe dead in the Stable, the Servants Gadding abroad after their *own Invention*, all their Mony ſpent that he cannot buy any more, and therefore muſt *foot it* about his own occaſions, and ſhe will not ſet her hand to do the leaſt chair in the Houſe, till ſhe hath had a *Fortnights reſt* after her Travelling; only go a Viſiting, Chat with her Goſſips, and complain of the unſerviceableneſs

viceableneſs of her Husband throughout the whole Journey. The poor Man he ſettles to work, endeavours to ſet all things to rights, takes a great deal of pains; and if any thing is in fault, he's hit *in the Teeth* with it; but if all things be well and in order, that muſt be imputed to her *good management*. In fine, ſhe is ſo taken with her Country-Journey, that ſhe is reſolved to be *Travelling* once a Year, what ever comes on't, and he ſhall be at the Charge of it. Thus his *Expences* increaſe with his Years, he is afflicted with the *Wracking Gout*, and (which is a worſe Diſtemper) a *Froward Woman*, that makes the ſmall Remainder of his days, comfortleſs; for ſhe will *Rule the Roaſt*, muſt have her Will in all things, will be Miſtreſs and *Govern*, whilſt he ſtands only for a *Cipher* at Home, and at length thro Grief and Diſcontent, becomes a meer Skeleton, and Languiſheth away to nothing.

The Ninth COMFORT.

Old Age Insulted over.

WHen a Man hath once thrown himself into the Net, or rather *Prison* of a Family, and taken a brisk Wife, then the *Comforts of Marriage* daily flow in upon him: This Wife you must understand is a Haughty, Proud Spirited Woman, and would fain *Domineer* over her Husband; but he being a Prudent Man, manages his Affairs with such Discretion, that she, to her great Grief finds, she shall never get the *upper hand*. Thus for a time he is Head of the Family, and Governs his Wife and Children with Credit and reputation; he is *happy* in a *numerous Issue* of both Sexes; hath Educated them all very well, and Matchd them to good Fortunes; but mark what follows, when all this is done, being *full of years*, the *Infirmities* of Old-age at last seise him, and he is Fettred to his Chamber, by some Tedious and Chronical Distemper, so that he is not able to *move* or *stir out* of his Chair. Now the Domestick War begins *de novo*; the Wife will *do nothing* but what

what ſhe *pleaſeth*, tho ſhe was formerly kept under Hatches; the poor man is now her Priſoner, and at her Mercy; the Wife grows *Surly* and *Sawcy*, the Children Maſterleſs, the Servants *Unruly*; and if the Husband attempts to Correct them, ſhe is ready to fly in his face for it. Seeing himſelf thus Abuſed by *his Wife*, Diſobeyed by his *Children*, and ſlighted by his *Servants*, he takes it very much to heart: But that which *Afflicts* him moſt is the *Extravagancy* of his eldeſt Son and Heir, Bolſtred up by his Mother, only to break the old Man's Heart, and make him end his Life Miſerably. If he thinks of a Will, that he ſhall not be *permitted to do*, for fear he ſhould bequeath ſomewhat to his Poor Relations, or be too Laviſh in Charitable Legacies: Now the old Gentleman is Left in the Cold alone, unregarded, whilſt ſhe *Goſſips about* in the Pariſh, and declares the Curriſh Uſage of her Huſband; had I not been (ſaith ſhe) a Woman of a *matchleſs Patience*, I could never have lived with him half this time: but this is not all; for when ſhe comes home ſhe *throws it in his diſh* frequently, and tells him now upbraidingly, that God Rewards him for it. The Good Man is

reſolved to *Admoniſh* her and her Children fairly, to ſee whether that will work *any Good* upon her, and to that end calls them before him: My Dear! you are the only perſon that I ever Loved, and yet give me leave to tell you that I am not pleaſed with *your Carriage* in many Particulars: You know I am Maſter of the Houſe, and will be as long as I live (but, faith, Old Gentleman you are miſtaken, quoth the *good Wife* ſoftly and ſmilingly,) tho I am not uſed like one at preſent: You know farther how I have ever Cheriſhed you, as the *Beloved Wife* of my Boſom, and kept you as tender as the Apple of my eye, but neither you nor my Children have behaved your ſelves as you ought to do. What would you have done? I trow, ſaith ſhe, you are too well uſed, you do not know when you are well; there is nothing we can do to pleaſe you. Would you have us ſtand *demurely* before you with our fingers in our mouths? Not ſo neither, I do not deſerve this *Taunting Language* at your hands. Then he turns to his eldeſt Son: Son, (ſaith he) I have made ſome Obſervations of *your Behaviour*, with which I am very much Diſſatisfied. You are my Eldeſt Son and

Heir

Heir 'tis true; but I ſee you *Laviſh away* my Eſtate Profuſely, with Profligate and Debauch'd Company: I have been a good Father, have *Improved your Eſtate*, and ſhall leave you a Plentiful Revenue, if you be Obedient and Dutiful, but otherwiſe, I ſwear by all that is good and Sacred, you ſhall *never enjoy* my Eſtate. What would you have him to do? ſaith ſhe, one ſhall have enough to do to pleaſe you: Do you want for any thing? What would you be at I wonder? I never ſaw the Peer of you, I vow to God; you are neither pleaſed full, nor faſting. Pray Woman hold you your Tongue, and do not uphold him againſt me, tho it hath been ever *your way* to do ſo. This done, the Mother and her Son lay *their Heads* together, and reſolve to give out, that the Old Man is Craz'd, grown a Child again, and make the World believe he is Senſeleſs: if any one comes to ſpeak with him, and asks the Good Lady for the Good Man; ſhe preſently Anſwers, Alas, *Poor Gentleman*! he is faſt enough in God Almighty's Dungeon; and how came that to paſs, Madam? God knows, Sir, for I do not, he is grown a *Dotard*, I am ſure I have no comfort or help of him, God help me,

and grant me Patience to undergoe my Afflictions. Truly, Madam, I am heartily sorry for it. Thus is the Old Gentleman *Concealed* from the World, and Confined to his Chamber, so that he *cannot Redress* or help himself, nor undeceive the World of the *wrong done him*. This he must needs undergo with a great deal of Grief and inward Regret: but since he finds no other Remedy, he is resolved to bear it patiently. For my part, I look upon this to be as great a *Torment* as can be upon Earth, for a man to be well *stricken in years*, Diseased and Troubled with a Painful Distemper, *Sequestred* from all Friends and Relations, debarred of all Company, but such as rather *add to*, than *diminish* his Sorrow. Thus he Lingers away in Grief, Pines with Pain, Languisheth with Sorrow, lives Wretchedly, but I hope dies Happily; tho my Prayers shall be, that Fortune would bring her to some shameful End, that occasion'd it, and so Farewel, thou worst of Women!

The Tenth COMFORT.

The Fool Rewarded.

HE that is once decoy'd into the *Net of Matrimony*, muſt bear with his Misfortune as well as he can; for 'tis a hard thing for him to *get out* of the Nooz, when he is once faſtned, as will appear by this enſuing Diſcourſe. Our Married Man here, that is to taſte of the *Tenth Comfort of Marriage* (much good do his heart with it) is but a Puny, Diminutive, Conſumptive Animal, neither gifted with *Weapons* nor *Activity* to pleaſe a Wife; and ſhe, after an Eſſay made of his Ability, complains to her Mother, that ſhe cannot love him, he is ſo Lean and Meager, that it is as good lying with a parcel of *Carpenter's Tools*, as with him, his skin is ſo lanck, and his bones ſo ſharp and extended, that when he toucheth her in Bed, he *pricks her* like ſo many Needles, tho not in the proper place, a life that no poor Woman can bear; ſhe wants due Benevolence, and requires *mine Milk* than he can give her, and therefore is reſolved to Lap elſewhere. Now the Solace of Matrimo-

ny

ny begins to appear, *Tantalus*-like, she up to the Chin in Water, and can neith *drink*, nor *eat* those *Apples* that ly *bo hing* at her Mouth; a sad condition for Hungry and Thirsty Soul: Abroad sh roams, picks up the first *Stallion* th comes to Hand, and enjoys him as oft as she has opportunity. *Stolen Waters a sweet*, they say, and it appears so by th Gentlewoman; but the Mischief on't i that by ill conduct of Affairs, her Hu band discovers her Amorous Intrigue spoils her Gaming, and corrects her s verely for her Impudence; insomuch that she *deserts him*, and goes to he Friends, Complaining with feigned tea of his Harsh Usage to her, and shews th Marks of his severity to her Relation who pity her, and curse him. This i an excellent Comfort of Matrimony. Thu Pleasure salutes him in the very Infanc of his Wedded Condition, and will un doubtedly continue to the end. Howeve the Fond Fop, being deprived of his Wife bemoans her absence every night in hi Widdow'd Sheets, and is at a great los for a Bed-fellow: He cannot endure thi Life long, and therefore the poor Cornut must send for her again; finding him in

this Loving Pickle, Poor thing! the *Bowels* of her Affection *wamble* not after a Husband (having been all this while ſtewed in the *warm Embraces* of her Gallant) and procures her Mother to give out, that ſhe hath been all this while under her Tutelage; then having an Opportunity to meet with her Husband, Rattles him ſoundly for his *Baſeneſs* toward her Daughter, telling him, that her *Poor Child* was forced to *run away* from him, becauſe ſhe went in danger of her Life all the time ſhe co-habited with him: I had rather, ſaith ſhe, by half, that you would *turn her Home* to me, and part good Friends, than to *abuſe her* ſo as you do; and withal take notice that your Behaviour to the Poor Girl is enough to make her do what ſhe never thought of, and make your *Head ake* in ſpite of your Teeth, take that from me, Sir, ſince you are as you are. Being thus Lectured by the Mother, he ſeems to be *very ſorrowful*, and hath a Months mind to the Daughter; nothing will ſerve him, but he muſt have her again, and has her *de bene eſſe*, upon promiſe of Reformation. Overjoy'd with the *repurchaſe* of his Wife, he grows kind even to Wonder, hops about with her

from

from place to place, till his Money is all hop'd from him, and then returns home with an *empty Pocket*, but a *heavy Heart*, God knows. Or else, if this Wheedle does not take, a Divorce is endeavour'd on both sides to be procured, but for want of *sufficient Cause* of Separation, or by reason of a considerable Flaw in the Evidence, the Judge *condemns* them to live according to their *Marriage Vow*, and imposes a smart Fine upon them for their Folly; so that the Case is worse and worse, they are both *doom'd* to a Loathed Bed, and a Life which an *Idiot* hath sense enough to avoid, rather than be *so tormented*, and expose themselves Ludicrously to the Censure of the whole World. Now if it falls out, that there is *sufficient Cause* for a Divorce, their misery is not at all abated; for they must never Marry while they live; and if they are not so Continent, as to forbear *Venereal Divertisements*, they must e'en run the risque of a Swinging Clap, and the loss of Reputation; so that by this means they are caught, and faster in the Net than ever; and if they are of a Noble Family, Rich in Lands and Possessions, then their *Names are lost* for want of an Heir,

Heir, and they go out of the World with an *ill ſtench*, their Reputation being rotten before their Duſt, and their memory is *more nauſeous* than their Bones in the Grave. He is ſorely troubled at the Bad Report of his Wife, and can go into no Company, but her *miſdeeds* are diſplay'd before him, to his Grief, and her own Shame, an Invenom'd Tongue making a deep and incurable Wound; thus he ſees himſelf the *May-Game* and *Sport* of every Flouting Fellow, and ſilently bears all that's thrown at him: every one has a fling at his Jacket, and the Gallants many at his Wife's Placket, who keep her under his very Noſe, to the grief of his Heart, he pacing about the Town *Acteoniz'd*, and admir'd by the Boys and Rabble, a *Torment ſufficient*, I confeſs, to diſcompoſe a wiſer Head; but no matter, it is no more than he deſerves, and all ſuch *contented Cuckolds*: Let him live as long, and as well as he can, I'll not envy his Happineſs, and when ever he Dyes, I hope I ſhall die in a better, tho not ſo contented a Condition.

The Eleventh COMFORT.

The Town-Fop with Flesh in his Pot.

WHen a brave young Gentleman is at his own *freedom*, and has the World in a string, he may steer his own Course without care or controle. This our Gallant here, we intend to mention, has a good Estate, keeps high Company, Caresses Handsome Ladies, gives himself over to all manner of Pleasure, is his Father's *only Son* and *Joy*. At length this Spark meets with a Young, Comely, Brisk, Sanguine Complexioned Lady, who can never long withstand a Suit *well managed*, with Judgment, and *well-tim'd* with discretion, (tho every Woman of what Complexion soever will permit a Man to screw himself into her Constitution, if she likes him) he hath made many and tedious Addresses to her, laid close Siege to her Chastity, so that the poor thing is able to hold out no longer, but must yield up the Fort, grants his request, and exposeth her self to his loose Embraces.

But

But the worſt is to come, this is not all; the little *viripotent Youngling* of fifteen is Prolific, and proves with Child, for which there can be no other Remedy than *Concealment*, and as good luck would have it, the Mother had been *in the Oven before*, and underſtood well enough how to make the beſt of a *bad Market*, for the poor Girl knows not ſhe is with Child, tho the Mother does, and ſhe has not long to reckon; ſhe *pukes* every Morning, making ſtrange Grimaces, and complains that her ſtomach is *untoward*, and out of order: Well! without all Queſtion, ſaith the Mother, you are with Child; now mind what I am going to ſay to you; as for your Gallant I have forbidden him my Houſe for ever, he being *too mean* a match for you; be ſure, Huſſy, you never open your lips of this *unlucky Job* (which came by Jobbing) to any Chriſtian Soul, and obſerve punctually what I ſhall ſay to you. Did you never take notice of the young Eſquire that comes here ſometimes? yes, Madam, ſaith ſhe; well, take ſpecial notice of him next time, and he has promiſed to be here to Morrow: Behave your ſelf diſcreetly, and ſhow him a Pleaſant Countenance: and when you ſpy me

a talking with the rest of the Company, dart a favourable, *fascinating Glance* upon him, cast a sheeps eye at him, do you understand me, Girl? yes, Madam; observe my directions: if he will keep you in discourse, answer him *Modestly*, if he proffers you Marriage, return him thanks innocently, but withal give him to understand that you *know not what it is*, nor do you desire to learn: If he offers you a present either of Gold or Silver, be sure you refuse it harmlessly; but if it be with a Jewel, Diamond, or Ring; do as Maids use to do, deny it modestly at first, *say nay*, and then *take it*. When he takes his leave of you ask him mildly, when you shall see him again? This Noble Blade is but an *Inch* of *this side* of a *Natural*, has a vast Estate, but a meer Town-Fop, whom the Mother will, if possible, work upon to *Marry her Daughter*, so that he is in great danger of being caught in the Net, and finely Bubled. Well! he repeats his Visits, as close as he can one upon the neck of the other: is very well received, splendidly Treated, and after dinner withdraws with the young Lady, and Complements her apart from the Company, takes her by the hand, and thus (like a

fool

fool as he is) accosts her. Madam, I wish with all my Soul, that you *knew* but the *thoughts* of my heart. Alas! Sir, that's impossible, unless you discover them; I hope you think of *no harm*. Upon my faith, not I, Madam, nor of any thing but what I would willingly have you know, and that without my telling it. Truly Sir, saith she, and Ushers her discourse with a charming Smile: I cannot Divine, and therefore 'tis impossible for me to *understand you*. If I thought, Madam, you would not be displeased, I would faithfully discover them. Sir, replies the Young Lady, you have your *freedom* to say what you please; for I have so good an opinion of you, that I presume you can say nothing but what is *Commendable* and *Civil*. Madam, saith he, I am a Person, I must confess, unworthy to Kiss your hands, and dare not presume to *marry you* being a Lady adorn'd with all Natures perfection: but if you please to do me that honour, (expect no Ceremony from me, Madam) I dare boast from my Heart, that I would *love you* with all my Soul, and that no man can *love you better*, nor *serve you* with that submission and affection that I can and will, for I resolve never to forsake

you,

you, let what will befall me, and I ſhall be as tender of your Reputation, as my own. I return you thanks, Sir, ſaith ſhe, but I beſeech you, ceaſe *your Diſcourſe*, do not harp upon that ſtring any longer; for I know not what it means, nor will I learn, that is flat and Categorical; This Diſcourſe would offend my Mother, if it ſhould reach her ear. Faith, Madam, your Mother is a very good Woman; but, if you pleaſe your Mother ſhall know nothing of it, I will be wholly directed by *your Commands*. Why do you ſay ſo, Sir, I am confident it would not be for your Good, neither would your *Friends adviſe* you to any ſuch thing: Pray Sir forbear this kind of Talk; for if my Mother ſhould hear it I am utterly undone, here the Mother gave her a *Nod*, ſeeing them both very earneſt in Diſcourſe, for fear ſhe ſhould Miſcarry and not Act her part well: Then the Needled Youth claps a Ring in her hand, and begs of her to *accept it* for his ſake; indeed Sir, I ſhall not; I beſeech you, Madam *wear it* for my ſake; well, Sir, ſaith ſhe at laſt, ſince it muſt be ſo, it ſhall be ſo, and I will wear it upon your account. Then the Mother comes to him, and tells him, to Morrow, Sir, we deſign to ri-

de a little way out of Town, to take e Freſh Air; at which he rejoyceth; hen the time of *Departure* is come, the uſineſs is ſo ordered, that there is never Horſe in the Company *carries double*, t the young Gentleman's, at which e is not a little pleaſed; ſo it falls out ppily, that his Miſtreſs is ſet *behind* m, who hugs the Pummel of her Sadle r her own Security, I leave you to judge hether he likes his Company or no: e Gentleman is very near the Net; for is Journey was only undertaken to *catch* e Young Widgeon; he keeps cloſe to Miſtreſs; and when the Mother finds opportunity, ſhe enquires of her Daugh- *how ſquares go*, and ſhe tells her all: om henceforward, ſaith ſhe, Daughter, hatever you do, carry your ſelf diſcreet- ; if he talks of Marrying you, tell him, u muſt acquaint me with it, but withal, at he is the only Man in the World you ve, and that you will never have any t him. Then they take a Walk in the arden, then he takes her by the hand, d ſays, Fine Lady! take pity of me, I eech you. Pray, Sir, talk no more on't, if you do, I will forſake your Com- ny: Spare me one word more without offence,

offence, if you would be pleased to Crow
me with this Happiness, I should take
for the *greatest Honour* that was ev
confer'd upon Mortal. Sir, saith she,
must be *proposed* to my Relations, or el
I can *say nothing* to't: If I thought the
would approve of it, I would propose
my self; for God's sake, saith the cu
ning Gipsie, have a care, that you do n
say a word of my proposing any suc
thing, for I should die through shame,
any such thing should be said of me; n
I, upon my Faith, Madam; and then
way he goes to the Mother, and discou
ses the business so respectively, that it
concluded, and they make up the Matt
immediately; the *sooner*, the *better*,
things considered, for *Hans in Kelde*
sake: Now the Poor Gentleman is
the Net, and *no body* as yet knows of
but at last it comes to the Ears of his P
rents, who are *grieved* at the very hea
knowing it to be too inferiour a Matt
for their Son; thus they are *Wedded*
haste, and may *repent* at *leisure*; he w
Married without Licence, unaskt
Church, without any Ceremony; an
way in the World, so that the business
once over. Well, night draws on, the Moth
take

takes her Daughter to task, and inſtils ſome of her good, Motherly *Inſtructions* into her, relating to her *Carriage* with her Husband that Night: ſhe charges her to put him *to it* as a Virgin ought to do; and farther, that as ſoon as he entred the Premiſes, with ſome feigned Reluctancy on her part, ſhe muſt fall into a *fainting ſhriek*, as if ſhe had fallen into a cold water in a hot fit. Thus ſhe Tutors her Daughter to *deceive* the Young Fop. All things hitherto are very well, but mark what follows, there is a *curſed ſting* in the Tail; for within two or three Months, the Young Bride *groans*, and *falls all to pieces*; it could be no longer hid, a Young Babe peeps into the World, and that ſpoils all. Now all the Joy is converted into Sorrow, and he knows not what to do with himſelf. He is quite at a loſs: If he turns her away, the whole World will be acquainted with it, and he cannot Marry again, and for her part ſhe will take care of one. 'Tis an ill Hen that can't ſcrape for one Chicken. If he keeps her and co-habits with her, ſhe will never care a Pin for him, nor he for her, there will be no Love loſt of either ſide, I'll be bold to ſay. Well! *All is well*

that

that ends well, saith the good old Adage, and so say I too; but from such *Comfort* in the Close, from such an End as this, Good Lord deliver me!

The Twelfth COMFORT.

The Domineering Wife, and Contented Lap-Dog.

AND a sweet one 'tis too, if you knew all. Our Youngster in this Case is one hath beat about the Net so long, that at last he hath found a hole to creep in at; and to be sure hath verified the Adage, *fast bind, fast find*, he has tied an Indissoluble *Knot*, but here is his *Comfort* still, that he hath Married such a *Non pareille*, such a matchless Woman for *Morality*, *Goodness*, and *Vertue*, that she is not to be *Parallel'd* in the *Universe*: He admires her *Discourse*, extols her *Education*, commends her *Deportment*, dotes upon her *Face*, is so Captivated with the Distinction of her *Sex*, that he is Ravish'd with his Choice, and boasts

boasts of his Prudent election; he is re-
solved to let loose the Reins of Govern-
ment, and permit her to bear the Sway;
nothing shall be done, but what has first
the Stamp of her *Approbation*: She is
his All, and He her Nothing, nay, you
will find at last, that she values him little
or nothing: He is as *Tame* as a Man,
reduc'd by Phlebotomy to a weakly con-
dition, and made up of nothing but Obe-
dience. There's my Man (if he hath not
forfeited his *Manhood*) as good a Husband
as ever laid Leg over Woman. If His
King and Country raise an Army to op-
pose a *Foreign Invasion*, he shall not stir
Foot, unless she be in the Humour to
permit him, he shall not go to the Wars;
for his Wife is too tender of him to let
him be so long out of her sight; Hang
him, he shall not March, lest he returns
with Grinning or Cripled Honour. Come,
come, Sweet Heart: faith she, 'tis good
keeping in a whole Skin; you never was
fit out for *Martial Enterprizes*; your Boy
is too young and tender to be exposed
to the *Hazard* and *Hardship* of *Ruffling*
in War: Let others purchase *Renown*, that
fancy it, at never so dear a Rate, you shall
enjoy your self at Home in Peace and Qui-

cness. Thus is the fond Fop absolutely Governed by his Wife, she has him fast and will not lose an Inch of her hold If she has a mind to Juncket and Sport with her Gallant, he must to Bed, and *then the Goose is laid to the Fire.* Sometimes she puts him in mind of urgent Business, and then he must *rise at Midnight* to dispatch it; or else she exposes him to a Journey, that she may have the better *Opportunity* to enjoy her Friend; or he must rise all Hours in the Night to fetch her a *Doctor* to cure the *Stich* or *Pain in the Side*, and expose himself to the injuries of the Weather, when in the *interim* she admits her Gallant, who is so bold as to Scale the Walls, creep in at the Window, and a thousand such little *Love-Toys*, to *accomplish* his Design and Desire. Sometimes it falls out that her Friend has Planted himself behind the Hangings, and her *mischievous* little *Lap-dog* smells him out, and she tells her Husband, they are Rats and Mice that he Barks at, and persuades him 'tis the poor *Cur's Custom* to do so; but at last she frightens him away with, Out you little *Foisting Cur*, what Noise is here with you? and then he *sneaks away* like a dog that has burnt his Tail.

She makes him dandle the Child to sleep, and sing a *Nocturnal Lullaby* to the Innocent Babe, while he like an Innocent Fool does it without *Murmuring*: she makes him carry the Distaff or Spindle, whilst she is cutting out more work for him: she spins a fair Thread at last, and he to his cost finds that, *he hath brought his Dogs to a fair Market.* In short, like a Spaniel he is made to fetch and carry, when, and what she pleases; the poor Fop never enjoys a minutes rest or content, runs thro World of Sorrow and Tribulation, and so dies him, unpitied for me; for he seems to created to no other End. He has brought old House over his Head, which is presently until'd, if he speaks but one word contradict her: she has got the upper hand of him, and 'tis now too late to re her: had he taken her down in her edding-shoes, there might have been pes of doing some good with her; but 's in vain, nay impossible to work upon r now.

Thus he grows Aged through *Care*, *ief* and *Vexation*, is slighted by his me, like an old *Faulkner*, or to speak e properly, like an Old Wife (the ost of Creatures) good for nothing.

His (or rather her) *Domestick Affairs*, he must not intermeddle with: She is the *Domina fac totum*; and if any of her Daughters be Marriageable, she disposeth of them to whom she pleaseth, without his Consent or Approbation: If they are well Matcht, well and good: if not he dares not find fault with it, much less upbraid her for it. She *plays the Woman* exactly, and will have her Will in every thing, right or wrong, there is no gainsaying, unless he has a mind to make the House too hot to hold him. Now I Appeal to all *Rational Men*, what greater Torment can there be to a Man than such a Ruling Housewife? what greater Plague to a Husband than such a *Domineering* Wife? O the unutterable comfort of such an easie, pleasant Life, when the good Woman takes all the Burthen upon her own Shoulders, Manages all Affairs at home and abroad, and he not so much as concerned with any, lives happily and free from the *Cares* and *Troubles* of a Wedded Life, Dies with Grief and Shame, to see himself so Conquered by his Wife, and so sneaks out of the World, quite weary of it, without pity or compassion: There lies him rest quiet

ly in his *Grave*, that never did ſo in his Life-time, without *Epitaph* or *Monument*, but that everlaſting one of his Folly, that he left behind him to Poſterity.

The Thirteenth COMFORT.

The Wedded Widdower, and Single Wife.

THis Gentleman we are to treat of here, is of a quite different Temper from the laſt, who will not be Rul'd by his Wife, but is of a *Noble, Martial Spirit*, and runs in purſuit of *Honour* and *Fame*. He is reſolved to venture his Life and Fortune in his Princes Service beyond-Sea, and in order thereunto firſt acquaints his Wife with his unſhaken Reſolution; ſhe Embraces and Careſſes him with Tears, in her Eyes: Alas! my dear, ſaith ſhe, can you have the heart to forſake me and the Pledges of our Love, theſe ſweet Babes? will you now deſert me, and leave me and my Children to the

wide World, Comfortless and Husbandless, when we have lived so contentedly, as Man and Wife, for some years together? My Dear! saith he, I must go, my Honour lies at *stake*, which is dearer than Life and all in the World besides. I must obey my King, or forfeit my *Loyalty*, and the Estate that I hold of his Majesty by *Tenure* to serve him in his Wars; but in Grace of God I hope to see you suddenly, if he please to continue my Life and Health, and he is best able to provide for you. Thus he takes leave of his Wife with a heavy heart, and she is as big with seeming sorrow at *their parting*; recommending her, and his Children to the *Care* and *Tuition* of his Friends. Assoon as he arrives at the Camp, he being an active, brave Soul, cannot rest without some attempt to *signalize his Valour*, and attacques the Enemy with so brisk an assault, that he clears all before him, so the Dispute continues hot on both sides a considerable time, but at last, *stimulated* by Honour and Glory, presses too far into the Body of the Enemy, and the Poor Gentleman has the misfortune to be taken Prisoner, and there is kept three or four Years, before he can procure an Exchange

or

or Ranſom to obtain his Liberty. His Lady is very *Inquiſitive* after his Welfare, and at laſt receives ſome ſlight and uncertain Information of his Death, which ſhe ſeems to take very Grievouſly, and falls into an exceſs of *Sorrow*; but certainly Women were not Created only to weep; beſides inordinate Grief is prohibited and ſinful. God be thanked, in a very ſhort time this grief is over, and ſhe is married to another. The *entire Affection* ſhe had for her former Husband and his Iſſue is quite forgot and loſt; all her fond Careſſes and Embraces before, and at his departure, are buried with him (as ſhe thinks) in Oblivion, without hopes of a Reſurrection; ſhe ſhews more love to the ſecond than ſhe did to her firſt Husband; but that *fickle Baggage* Fortune will have it ſo, that her Husband at length is Releaſed, returns Home, tho much decayed and broken by the ſeverity of his Impriſonment, and the hard uſage he receiv-ed from the Enemy. No ſooner arrived, but he makes diligent *Inquiſition* after his Wife and Children, and the thoughts of their miſcarriage, did certainly much aggravate the affliction and grief of his Captivity. At laſt he underſtands the diſmal

and unwelcome news of her Second Marriage: now judge you what a Confusion he is in at this *stabbing* Relation. The anguish of *Priam* King of *Troy*, when he was acquainted with the Death of *Hector*, was not certainly comparable to his; at last he comes Home, and is fully informed of all the particulars. What a Distraction he now is in may possibly be faintly imagined, but never fully expresst; what Course to *steer*, or how to grapple with this Misfortune, is a *Controversie* that cannot well be decided. What Revenge can he study suitable to her Crime? what punishment doth she not deserve to have inflicted upon her for *Faithlessness*? As he is a Man of Courage and Honour he can never be so *Puny-spirited* as to put up this Injury unsatisfied, nor can he buckle to so tame and unmanly a *Condescention*, as to re-admit her into his Bed, tho her Husband should dispence with it. On the other side, he who Married her last must needs be very much disturbed at this unlucky Business, and having been satiated with her, must hate and forsake her, for Love and Empire never admit of *Corrivals*. And what a sad Case now is she in by her over-forwardness and Credulity?

ty? she has lost her Reputation; both her Husbands and her own Honour, hath buried all her Modesty in the Grave of Infamy, and exposed her self to the *Virulent* Tongues of carping *Momi*; her Children will be afflicted and disturbed at the Misfortune of the Mother, the vexation of the Father, and consequently at the Infelicity of both their Parents.

Thus they two, who might have lived comfortably all their days, by this unlucky accident, are like to live miserably, to whom length of days, the greatest Happiness on Earth, will *prove* their greatest Misery. Marry they must not, cannot, dare not: This is one of the desireable Comforts of Matrimony: One of the Enjoyments of a Wedded Life: One of the Pleasures of a Coupled Condition. They must live asunder withour hopes of a *re-union*, he must die a Wedded Widdower, and she a single Wife, an unhappy Mystery to both, and an unfortunate, tho unheard of Paradox.

The Fourteenth COMFORT.

The Diſconſolate Widower juſtly puniſh'd.

HE that is ſenſible of this Comfort is one, who hath taken ſuch pains to find a paſſage into the Net, that he is got in and entnared by a young, beautiful, and well tempered Woman; and they enjoy their Delights and Pleaſures without *Contention* or *Diſturbance*; a happy life indeed, and ſuch as might make a Man thirſt after the *Cup* of *Matrimony*. They *Careſs* one another *inceſſantly*, like two *Turtles*, for they are two in one united; and if the one is in the leaſt Diſcompos'd, the other *Sympathiſeth* in the pain and Affliction; but theſe are *Haleyon Days*, too ſerene and calm to laſt long; for the Wife dies ſuddenly, and puts a Period to all their Amours and Happy Enjoyments. The Young Man grows very Diſconſolate, bewails Night and Day the Irreparable Loſs of his Wife; ſometimes complaining of Death, and other times of the *Capricioufneſs* of *Verſatile* Fortune, Nature's *Whirlegig*, that is always turning, and

and never fixed or ſetled. Thus for ſome time he lives in Miſery, ſhuns all Society, abandons all Comfort, ruminating upon his Misfortune, the Deprivation of ſo good and kind a Comfort: He dreams of her *continually*, thinks of her without *Intermiſſion*, and loves her Memory. But it is as true, as old a ſaying, *nullum violentum eſt perpetuum*: *Sorrows are ſhort, that are ſharp and violent.* But after all, this our young Gentleman tho he hath been once catcht in the *Net*, and freed, muſt be ſo Foppiſh as to venture a ſecond time, and is baited into it again, to his great Grief and Diſcontent: by a Widdow, who is a Perſon of a quite contrary Humour to his former Wife, of a middle Age: Firſt ſhe carries her ſelf very demurely with tolerable Diſcretion; but at length, when ſhe hath ſufficiently pried into his Temper, and throughly underſtands his Conſtitution, then ſhe begins to ſhew her Teeth, and play upon his *ſweet Diſpoſition* (a Fault too incident to that Sex) brings him to her bow, and manages him to her beſt advantage, ſhe ſtudying nothing but her own, not his Satisfaction: And certainly there are no ſuch *Vaſſals* in the worſt of Servitude, who are ſo enſlaved, as ſim-

ple

ple Young Men, when link'd to Widdow'd Women, especially when they are of a Crosſ and Sordid Humour; and he that is ſo unfortunate as to be reduced to this *Extremity*, has no other Redreſs, but to pray to God to grant him Patience to undergo this *weighty* Affliction; if that won't do, his utmoſt Refuge is to have recourſe to a Silken Halter, and ſo ſtrangle himſelf together with his Miſery. Now ſhe begins to appear in her *Colours*; ſhe grows Jealous of him (the very Bane of a Married Life) and is ſo inſatiable that ſhe is diſſatisfied, if he be but a minute out of her *Embraces*, cannot endure him out of her ſight, and every Woman he caſts an Eye upon, he luſts after. When Widdows meet with young Fleſh, they cheriſh it, becauſe it renews their Strength and Vigour; and there is nothing more Noiſome, or prejudicial to a Young man's Health, than a *Laſcivious*, *Draining*, *Old Wife*: Yet I look upon an Old Man to be the greater Bruit of the two, who Smugs and Trims himſelf up with all Artificial Ornaments to make him appear Youthful, and then Marries a Young Girl: That is a moſt intolerable piece of Vanity, a Foppery neither to be allowed, nor imitated;

tated: His Nauſeous Breath, proceeding from the corruption of *Decayed Lungs*, muſt needs offend beyond Expreſſion; Coughing, Sneezing, Spawling, Groaning and Spitting (tho not a word of ſpitting in the right Baſon) muſt needs be very unacceptable to Youth, if not *Odious* and *Loathſome*: But to return to our Young Gentleman, taken in the Net a ſecond time (the greater his Folly) his Wife grows ſo greedy after *Man's Fleſh*, that ſhe could find in her heart to turn *She-Canibal*, and devour it: ſhe is ſtark mad with Jealouſie, and if he goes to Church with never ſuch Real, Pious and Devout *Intentions*, ſhe ſuſpects he has ſome *Siniſter* and *Wicked Deſigns*. I am apt to believe, there can be no *Real Love* without ſome ſmack or ſpice of *Jealouſie*: for certainly no Man or Woman would match themſelves to a Creature, who had no good Quality, or Parts to create an *Inclination* in a ſecond Perſon towards them, that would betray the *Fooliſhneſs* of their *Choice*; but this ſort of Jealouſie, or rather Suſpicion, occaſions no *Domeſtick Feuds*, or *Houſhold Jarrs*, becauſe it is only an Exceſs of Kindneſs or Affection; but that which creates a groundleſs Suſpicion

ſpition and Diffidence of the *Party beloved*, and ends in Brawling and Contention, muſt needs be the worſt of *Plagues*, and the Curſed Sting and Torment of *Matrimony*. If theſe be the *Comforts* of a Married Life, let me enjoy my Liberty and Freedom in a ſingle State, and live happily without Diſſatisfaction or Diſturbance. I do not in the leaſt blame the *State of Matrimony*, miſtake me not; but the Raſh and Precipitate Election of thoſe Hotſpurs, that run headlong into that Condition without deliberate Conſideration. *Hippocrates*, the Famous *Greek* Phyſician, hath a ſmart ſaying, and very pertinently Applicable to our young Gentlemen, *Vetulam non novi, cur morior?* I never Wedded an old Wife, and why ſhould I die? it had been well for him, if he had laid this Sentence to heart, and matcht himſelf to one of his own youthful Temper, then he might have liv'd happily and contentedly, tho here we muſt take our leave of him, gaſping for his laſt Breath in a wretched and deplorable Condition.

The

The Fifteenth COMFORT.

The double Cajeol.

THis is a great and Prodigious *Comfort*, a *Comfort* that cannot be expreſt ſignificantly. Our Married Man here chanceth to meet with a Woman who is much addicted to the ſhaking of her *Elbow*, as well as of her *Tail*, two good Qualities in a good Wife, and the good Man is like to thrive upon't. This courſe of Life ſhe leads for a conſiderable time undiſturbed, becauſe undiſcover'd, but at length he finds his Eſtate decay by her expenſive *Gaming*; ſuſpects her Fidelity, and is reſolved to watch an opportunity, to diſcover, if poſſible, her *Amorous Intrigues:* And one day, as *Fate* would have it, he enters her Chamber privately, and ſurprizeth her in the *very Action*, or in a very ſuſpicious and wanton poſture. The Husband incenſed with Rage and Fury, cannot contain himſelf any longer within bounds, but flies at her *Gallant* with a deſign to make him *breath out his laſt* upon the *Spot*, but as he is ſtriking at him, his

his Wife, *kind Soul!* (as it behoves her; for ſhe ought not to ſtand by, and be guilty of Murder,) comes and embraces her Husband; Ah! for Gods ſake, my Dear, have a care that you do not hit an *unlucky Blow*, and be Guilty of Blood-ſhed; whereupon the Blade clears himſelf of his intended Aſſaſſine, and ſhews him a fair pair of Heels; 'twas well he was nimble-footed, or elſe he had certainly been ſacrificed to his *Fury*; but *Fear* and *Guilt* have Wings as well as *Love*, and in ſhort he makes his eſcape. The Husband purſues him, but to no purpoſe; for he hath ſecured himſelf by Flight: whereupon he returns like a *Hungry*, *Rampant Lion* into the Chamber, thinking to meet with his Wife, and make her *his Prey*; but alas! the *Bird is flown*. Now what think you is become of this Unfortunate and Diſconſolate Woman? why ſhe is fled to her Relations, and acquaints them with all theſe Paſſages in a *Mournful Dialect*, with ſome ſeeming Regret. At this Relation all the whole Family is in an uproar; ſometimes blaming him for his Severity, but her moſt of all, for her Impudence and Indiſcretion. The Wife *palliates* the buſineſs to *her Mother*, at the firſt,

firſt, but upon ſtrict Examination Confeſſeth with Sighs and Tears the whole matter (the Mother underſtanding very well how to manage a Cauſe of this Nature, who had her ſelf been guilty of the ſame miſcarriage, tho with more Privacy and Secrecy, without Injury to her Reputation by ſo *Palpable* and *Notorious* a *Diſcovery*) Well! they meet and conſult how to ſmother the buſineſs, and by Menaces on the one hand, and Intreaties on the other hand, to reduce the eaſie natur'd Husband to a better Temper, and by all means poſſible, to patch up a *Reconciliation*, and make Peace between them. In order thereunto, firſt they tamper with his Chamber-Maid, a *Procureur d'Amour*, a Procuring Bawd, or Female Pander to her Miſtreſſes Luſt, and they ask her how it is with her Maſter, ſince this unlucky *Diſaſter*? To whom ſhe replies, he is in a very deſperate, diſcontented Condition, hath taken no ſuſtenance at all ſince that Misfortune happ'ned, nor had any Reſt or Sleep to Refreſh him. When he ſate down to Dinner, this Day, he did not ſwallow ſo much as one Morſel, his Stomach was too weak to entertain food; then he ſits as Melancholy as one that is

Hy-

Hypocondriacal; has a gaſtly, wan look, as if *Grief* had drunk up all the colour of his face. Sometimes he wrings his Hands, ſhakes his Head, bites his Fingers ends, takes his Knife, and ſticks it in the Table, and afterward throws it away with great Indignation. Then preſently, on a ſudden, ſtarts up and takes a *Promenade* in the Garden, but returns with a diſtracted look, before he hath paſſed thirty Yards; he can neither ſit nor ſtand ſtill one minute in a place; Night and Day he ſighs, bemoans himſelf, that it would extort pity from a *Barbarian*, to ſee him in this ſad Condition. Well! at length, after ſome time *elapſed*, when they judged the ſtorm was ſomewhat over, and that he was grown more *cool* and *temperate*. Some of the moſt forward and crafty of that Female Gang of her Friends and Relations attacque the Husband, like the Northern Wind, bluſteringly, and the Tempeſt being over, ſtrike Sail, and diſcourſe with as great *Moderation* and *Subtlety*, commending his Wife for her *Vertue*, *Modeſty*, and *Piety* (a pious Devil indeed) and that they have known her for ſeveral Years to live like a Modeſt Wife, with an unſtained *Reputation*, obedient to your

ſelf,

ſelf, reſpective to her Neighbours, and civil to all Perſons of both *Sexes*. Now for you openly to defame her, to the ruine of her *Honour*, upon ſome imaginary ſurmize, is unkind, and injurious in ſo high a nature, that you can never make her amends: beſides, Sir, let me be plain with you in a buſineſs of ſo great Concernment, ſay, or think what you will, to my own certain knowledge, two perſons may be cloſely engaged in Diſcourſe together, in a very friendly poſture, and yet not do the thing that you imagine, nor ever ſo much as entertain a thought of ſo Diſloyal and Immodeſt an Action, as to defile their *Husband's Bed*. What he might, like a *bold Ruffian* attempt, I will not here diſpute, that is none of my pretence, but Foreign to the *matter in hand*; yet this I'll confidently aver and maintain againſt all oppoſition, that there is no Man breathing, that your Lady hates like *this Villain*, who hath ſo ruſhly brought an old Houſe over her Head; nay, I am ſatisfied in my Conſcience, that ſhe would ſooner ſee him ſuffer the moſt *Ignominious Death* that ever was executed upon the moſt *Notorious Criminal*, than permit him to touch her in an uncivil way.

Let

Let me perſwade you to conſult your reaſon, and not thus ruffle and diſcompoſe your ſelf with a meer *Chimæra* or Fancy; the *poor Woman* is ſo ſwell'd with Tears, that ſhe hath ſcarce an Eye to peep out of, wrings her hands, bewails her condition, and laments without intermiſſion, the diſpleaſure you have conceived againſt her; it lies in your power yet to make up the buſineſs, with a *Salvo* to her, and your own Reputation; for long ſhe cannot continue in this *languiſhing condition*, and I hope you do not thirſt after her blood, that were Inhuman and Unchriſtian. Come, come, Sir, let me tell you, you muſt foget and forgive, if there were (tho I ſee no) cauſe for either, upon your Wife's account: Beſides, do you think, if your Wife were a *Diſſolute Woman*, a Woman of tainted Reputation, that we would undervalue our ſelves ſo much, as to keep her Company? No, no, never cheriſh any ſuch thought in you, for that were to ſtab our Fame and Honour, as well as hers: Nay, Sir, I muſt tell you farther, I have been acquainted with her from her Child-hood, and am ſo far from knowing harm by her, that I dare maintain, ſhe has been the *Pattern* of *Vertue* in this

Coun-

Country. What, ſaith the Husband, will you perſwade me out of my Senſes? I ſaw it with my own eyes. In good Faith, 'tis no ſuch thing, ſay what you will; the Senſes are fallible, for want of a proper *Medium*, or through ſome weakneſs or imperfection in the *Optics*. O Brave Dame! well *Philoſophiz'd*, I proteſt: we uſe to ſay, *Seeing is believing*; but in this caſe, it ſeems, a Man muſt not believe his own eyes. Well! the Husband begins to be of a more Sedate and Serene Temper, and conſiders *with himſelf*, that Jealouſie caſts a Miſt before the ſight, and makes a Man *ſee double*, or very imperfectly: So now he is reſolved tamely to put up all wrongs, wipe his mouth, and be ſilent for the future; the Women ſmile to ſee the Buſineſs ſo *well manag'd*, promiſe to bring them together again, and take their leave of him for the preſent. Thus the facil Gentleman is convinced of his Errour, and very much troubled, that ever he entertained ſuch a Thought, and ſo he receives his Wife again, and all things are buried in *their mutual Embraces*. Now what think you will be the Iſſue of all this? ſhe upon this grows Inſolent, and hits him in the Teeth with his Recognition

and

and Acknowledgement, upbraiding him with the Injury he hath done her. The Gallant and Neighbours must be Treated with a costly Collation to put up the business, and now they may enjoy themselves without Controul, her Friend *Caresses* her, and she him, *one good turn*, you know, *deserves another*, and *Ingratitude* is the *Blackest* of Crimes. Thus she is a *Lady Paramount*, consumes his Estate with Gaming, wastes his Body with grieving him, persecutes his Soul, till it takes its flight, and so at last, loaden with Years and Cares, is wafted over in *Charon*'s Ferry, to the *Elysian* Shades; and there's an end of his Misery.

The Sixteenth COMFORT.

The Poor Man's Comfort.

NOw we are come into the Teens, and past thorow the better half of our *Matrimonial Solaces*, we will discourse a little of this Sixteenth, which is a poor and pitiful Comfort indeed; for here *Penury* and *Pertinacy* are Wedded together, as well as Man and Wife, both of them are Children of the *Mean Mob*, Prophane *Vulgus*, or what you please to term them, mean in Parentage, as well as in Parts and Purse, he but of ordinary, and she of no extraordinary Mold, yet in time, after some Years Co-habitation and Co-operation, they are blest with a Numerous Company of brats (Chargeable Blessings indeed, and fitter for the Parish to maintain than this Couple) they Drudge, Moil, Toil, and do all that can as yet be requir'd, but by and by you must be rounded in the Ear with another dismal Story, and you know very well, or at least I will inform you, that it is an old Proverb with the *Phlegmatick Butter-box*, when any

any thing is done effectually and to purpose, they say, *'tis perform'd as poor men get Children.* But to proceed, if they prove negligent, the craving Appetite of the Bawling and Pratling Babe will soon weary them into a remembrance of their Parental Office, in providing for their Family, since they were not so cautious as to make Provision before they engaged themselves rashly in that *incumbent Duty.* Thus the Good Man after a hard days Drudgery, having been at it before the Sun appear'd in our Hemisphere, and continued it till he is gone to bestow his kind influence upon the *Antipodes*, who when tir'd Nature requiring some Refreshment, he sits at one end of the House like the Image of a *Slovenly Mechanic*, and she like the sluttish *Effigies* of Charity, with one Child at her Breast, a second in her Lap, a third upon the Ground, grasping her Knees, and the rest about them crying for Bread, bawling for Drink, screaming to be undrest, gaping and yawning to be laid to sleep: (a charming noise, and ravishing harmony no doubt, enough to drive a man out of his wits, for not having so much previous wit, as to consider it before) thus they have both their hands

and

d heart full, God help them, he *Rocks* e *Cradle*, and ſhe feeds the hungry mily, and all little enough to ſatisfie e grumbling of their *craving Maws.* aving been thus, for ſome Years, ſo- ced with the Comforts of Matrimony, begins to find his *Wedded Life* irk- me, which makes him neglect his Af- irs, ſlight his Buſineſs, Charges ſtill creaſing, and Trade decaying, now he s *taken heart*, and is reſolved for the ture to make uſe of the too common lode of theſe times, to turn a *Good llow*, frequent the Tipling-Houſe ore than formerly, and his Shop leſs; y if his Stock will at any time reach he will to Tavern, and there ſing *d Roſe*, till Night and the Conſtable, hoSummon all to go to their Reſt and abitations; then he Reels Home with neſs in his Pocket, Rage in his ooks, and Vexation in his Heart; nd there he meets with a *ſecond Ren- unter* worſe than the former, from his ife (a Domeſtick, but ſometimes tameable Animal) Well *Thomas*! ith ſhe) doſt thou think that I am le to endure this curſed Life? or can u imagine, that I muſt be confin'd Home, with a parcel of Children

about my ears *without Bread* and *Drink* to put in their Heads, whilst you are Revelling abroad Night and day, among your Sottish Companions: I cannot bear it any longer, but am resolv'd to go abroad too, and then do you take care and provide for the Children: I'll learn out your Haunts, and *find you out* if you are above ground, ne'r fear it; and and then assure your self, I'll Ring you and your Drunken Associates such a peal, as shall soon break up your Company. He being heated with Drink, and naturally a surly, sower Fellow, lays his *brawny Arms* upon her, and corrects her for her Scolding, insomuch that she is forced to keep House for a Week or Fortnight, to prevent the batter'd *black* and *blew Livery* of her Eyes and Face from being discovered by the Gossiping Neighbourhood; he in the interim gets up in the Morning, and away to the Alehouse to refresh himself, and torment her at Home for her last Nights Work. Now he's grown irretriveably lost, as to his Trade and Family, works very little, and that *more for outward shew* than any thing else, is grown so bewitched to his new Gang of pot Companions, that he has taken resolution to Rant,

Tear

ear and fling the Helve after Hatchet; ut Money he *muſt procure* by one means other, to maintain him in this ebauched Courſe of life, partly by his wn *Inclination*, and the repeated Perſions of his beloved Friends, then the ouſhold Moveables muſt march off, d be engaged for the ſupply of his *travagant Expences*, till there are no ore to move out of the Cottage. The oor Woman at Home ſeeing all going ruine and deſtruction, grows Impaent at his Miſcarriages, and reſolves on her *Dernier Effort*, to make her ords good (as ſhe had formerly proiſed) ſhe in a Rage flies out, and is on the *queſt* to *find him* and *his Haunts*, laſt, by ſome information, or poſſibly meer Accident (for Wives are very ccelsful in conjectures of this Nature, en to admiration) ſhe hits on it, and ſhe dances with this Salutation to the ople at the Bar, *Is my Husband here*? es, in ſuch a Room; away ſhe goes, d aſſoon as ever ſhe enters, finds em at the heighth of their Mirth, moaking, Drinking, Singing, Swearing, d what not? but that which exaſperates her moſt, is, a *dirty Doxie* Tip-

ling among them, as impudent in her Be
haviour as contemptible in her Garb, bu
like will to like, Jack *will have his* Gill
and Jone *is as good as my Lady.* Impati
ent at this Baggage, that toucheth he
Copy-hold ſo cloſely, the Hurrican i
nigh at hand by *black Clouds* of he
Countenance, and with a Volley of up
braiding words, ſuch as Jade, Whore
Bitch, what *dare you keep my Husban
Company*, to the Ruine of him and his Fa
mily? Then follows a Broad-ſide o
Pots, Cans, Candleſticks, Pipes (and
here the deſtruction of Pipes become
the Generation of Stoppers) and 100
to one, if in this ſharp Counterſcuffle n
great Miſchief be done, ſhe certainl
gives the Gentlewoman ſome *ſlight Mar*
of her Honeſty, which ſhe certainly car
ries to the Grave. In this confuſed Scen
of Rage and Fury, the ſurprize doth a
baſh the whole Company (but more par
ticularly her Husband) inſomuch, tha
they uſe all poſſible ſmooth Language t
pacifie her Wrath, which with muc
adoe is effected by *diſcharging* the Wenc
privately by the conveyance of ſom
back way, and ſo break up the Company
Now he knows not what courſe to ſtee
(for he's ſatisfied he ſhall never enjo

a quiet minute with her for the future) unleſs it be to *Barbadoes* or *Jamaica* (the uſual Receptacle of Debauched and Crackt Artificers) which he ſoon effects, and ſo at laſt, having ſold all that he hath, *ſells himſelf* too, packs away, and is gone the firſt Wind that ſerves for his turn; leaves his Children as an *inheritance to the Pariſh*, and his Wife to the *Almes houſe*, if they will be ſo Charitable, as to do it, conſidering her Misfortune. Thus you may ſoon gueſs at the iſſue of this *Comfort of Matrimony:* the Wife has left this wide World to beg in, but only the expectancy of a ſingle Pariſh to maintain her: the Huſband is *tranſported* into another World, where through a ſtream of Exceſs and Intemperance, with the heat of the Climate, *ſwims* into a third, in a very litle time, and ſo dies a Slave and Stranger, imperiouſly inſulted over whilſt alive, and when dead, quoited into a hole, without the leaſt Mourning, or indeed ſo much as Chriſtian Burial

The Seventeenth COMFORT.

The fatal Couple.

AND this will appear to be more strange and incredible than all those that preceed, by reason of its *Villany*, and the fatal consequences thereof. Here a Gentleman of good Learning and Education, but *better Fortune*, who by the consent of his Parents is disposed of to as *Opulent* a Gentlewoman, and every way correspondent to him in Youth, Parts and Portion: he Caresses with hot and frequent Addresses of Love; wishes that he might grow to her Threshold, that he might have the more frequent Fruition of her never-enough *admired* Society; she returns answer to all his fervent Applications, with a most becoming and charming Modesty; so that upon the strictest Observations of their mutual Deportment, nothing can be discern'd but a Matchless Amorous Passion between them reciprocally. When a convenient time is thus sported away, by making their Amours, the Nuptial Ceremony (after preparations necessary

ry in Affairs of this Nature) is Celebrated, (and nothing but Joy and Comfort ſeems to attend their *Cohabitation*) which for continuance of time, delicious Viands, luxurious Wines, together with all ſorts of other Liquors, Balls, Muſick, Jollity, and other Diverſions, indeed for plenty of all things, beſides the numerous Train of Invited Gueſts, Servants and Attendants, was *never exceeded*; nay, 'tis yet a queſtion unanſwered, whether ever *equallized* in this preſent, or ſome preceeding Ages. After the Ceremony of *Solemnization* is over, they Love as affectionately, Live as ſplendidly, as their *Port* can poſſibly bear (and further too, as you will ſpeedily be ſatisfied) in their Country-Caſtle, during the Refreſhing and Healthful Summer, to enjoy the benefit of the Air, the Pleaſantneſs of their Evening Promenade, the delightful Proſpects of the Meads, Paſtures, Fruitful and Delightful Fields of Corn, and all thoſe inexpreſſible ſatisfactions that uſually attend the ſerenity of a Rural Life, and when wearied, or rather refreſhed with theſe Pleaſures, return to their City-Apartment; either for the Management of

Affairs, or the enjoyment of the Variety and Choice of the more Gentile and better ſort of Company. Here they both ſoon obtain by their *Parts* and *Pence*, Acquaintance of all *Sorts* and *Tempers*, ſo that 'tis impoſſible in ſuch a *World* of *People*, but they muſt neceſſarily meet thoſe that comply with them in temper and humour. To Plays, Revels, Maſquesat Court, they daily reſort, and to other Places, when they receive Information of them; ſo that there is no Publick Treat or Diverſion can poſſibly eſcape, and in ſmall time, gaining great Acquaintance, and that with great Ones too, according as the times, he muſt needs Rencounter, as well as his Lady, with no ſmall or trivial *Temptations*. After they have ſteer'd this courſe ſome years, the Real Eſtate ſinks and impairs too too ſenſibly, and which is worſt of all, they both prove Improlific (and poſſibly the *Curſe of Barrenneſs* is the puniſhment of their Debauchery) ſo that by a ſtrange kind of unuſual, tho mutual conſent, he procures a *Chargeable Miſs*, and ſhe an *Expenſive Gallant*, he ſhakes his *Elbow*, and ſhe her *Tail*, and in proceſs of time, they become equally experienced

enced in both theſe faſhionable Qualifications; ſo that in ſome few annual Revolutions, the Eſtate conſumes, and moulders away to nothing, by Mortgages and vaſt Debts contracted, the Retinue is turn'd off for want of Means to ſupport them, as formerly, Houſekeeping laid aſide, and the *Moveable Goods* pawn'd or ſold outright, to maintain them. Upon this, being ſear'd and grown obſtinately Profligate and ſenſeleſs of their *Vanity* and *Impiety*, through cuſtomary ſinning, they conſult how to repair their conſumptive and almoſt expired *Fortunes*, by *Injurious*, *Illegal*, *Baſe* and *Sordid Actions*, which at length bring them to a ſhameful *Cataſtrophe*, being both too *haughty* and *high Spirited*, to live in a *low* and *deſpicable Condition*; therefore he turns *Pad*, and ſhe *Buttock* and *File*, (that is *Highway-Man* and *Pick-Pocket-Whore*, in plain, honeſt *Engliſh*, according to the *Canting* of the *Roguiſh-Crew*) into which they are now admitted and matriculate. Well! what think you follows theſe wicked Reſolutions, to take up a wicked courſe of Life? why, you may ſoon gueſs, tho *Fortune* ſeem to favour them for ſome time, ſucceſs ſel-

dom ſmiles long upon ſuch *wretched Un*
dertakers, but uſually brings them to
Condign Puniſhment. Poſſibly, afte
ſome perpetrated Villanies, the Pro
duct of their as yet ſucceſsful *Crime*
may furniſh them with a *Stock*, in ca
of unavoidable neceſſity, when the
are firmly catch'd in the *Net* of th
Law (as formerly they were in that c
Matrimony) This may prevail once o
twice by a *Lucky* and *Chargeable*—bu
this proving no caution, but rather a
encouragement to repeat their forme
Courſes, they go on as vigorouſly a
before, and by ſkulking in privat
holes, and obſcure receſſes, ſtave them
ſelves off from the ſtrict inquiſition o
Juſtice; but at length, (for now thei
Wicked Reign is near its period) ſom
crafty *Officers*, accuſtomed to be em
ployed in ſuch Affairs, and by th
means of ſome injur'd perſon, allure
thereunto by the promiſe of a goo
Gratuity, ſearches diligently, find
them ſuddenly, and, by the neceſſar
of a Juſtices *Mittimus*, conveys then
immediately, without *Bail* or *Main*
priſe, to a Loathſome and Fatal Gaol
The Seſſions are now at hand, and the
in a *Panick Fear*, that they ſhall no

com

come off, being conſcious of their *Guilt*: Well! to a Trial they are brought, and their Indictment containing the Crimes for which they are accuſed: they then have recourſe to *Newgate*-Evaſions, *Presbyterian* Shams (I mean *Lying* and *Diſſembling*) and ſuch kind of inſignificant Triflings with the Court, who, tired out therewith, direct the Jury (who never Read *Ignoramus*) and they, upon a full Hearing of the Evidence, bring them in Guilty: Upon this, Sentence of Death is pronounced, and they are ſent to their laſt Habitation here, as faſt tied by the Executioner here, as they by themſelves formerly. The Warrant being Signed for their Execution, and the day appointed, (there being no hopes of a Pardon, having already deſpiſed and abuſed that Grace and Favour) they are acquainted therewith in order to their Preparation, to undergo the deſerved and unavoidable Puniſhment of the Law, Death. The *Fatal Morning* appearing, they are made ready for their laſt Journey, to their long Home, and ſo diſgracefully Carted to *Tyburn*; where by the way, being as notoriouſly known, as they were notorious

torious in the Transactions of their Life; some (who have *Charity*) pity them, many (who have suffered upon their account) *Curse* them, and most blame them. This is a hopeful *Comfort* of the *Tye of Marriage*, which brings them at last to be Tyed up by *Ketch*, both indissoluble Knots, except untied by the cold hand of Death. Thus you see tho the Sun-shine of the former part of their Life seem'd to be possibly glorious, 'twas at length overcast, and tho they might have liv'd happily, did in the latter part live wretchedly, and died ignominiously, so they might say of themselves, as the Poet did, with little Alteration——

Per varios casus, & tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Laqueum——

Thus, with them, ends the *Seventeenth Comfort.*

The

The Eighteenth COMFORT.

The Misery of forc'd Marriage

NOW (with this which is the last, and too many, unless they were better) we shall run through a petty Jury, and a half, of Pretty and petty *Comforts* too, tho this exceeds all that is premention'd, and may afford some *Diversion*, but far more *Admiration and Astonishment*. The Story is as followeth, which wants neither Truth, nor Authentic Authors to maintain it. A Gallant and Heroic Gentleman, altogether Martial, a Noted Commander, and of a very Ancient Extract; it was his *good Fortune*, as he innocently and probably conjectured, to make his Addresses to a *Young Beautiful Gentlewoman*, (but see how that *Fickle Baggage Fortune* puts tricks upon Credulous Mortals) and after they had made and received several Visits, and so united themselves by the Amorous Chains of Passionate and Unfeigned Affection, that they thought nothing but that Cruel Destiny *Atropos* could separate them. But it fell out, and very

very unluckily too) that the Ladies Parents, (whose Eyes are always prying into such Intrigues) by some means and rewards to encourage the Discoverers, to prevent their design, shuffled up a *Match* between their Daughter and a very great Heir, with Menaces, Threats, severe Usage, so that weary of their Carriage towards her, she was at last compell'd, tho with unimaginable regret, and great reluctancy, to embrace the Person she had an absolute indisposition, unfitness of mind, and aversion for, ever likely to hinder the many Benefits of *Conjugal Society*, namely, Peace and Comfort; but it is Decreed by a Law as unalterable as that of the *Medes* and *Persians*, that she must undergo this insupportable wearineſs. The Gentleman, who in truth was, or at least ought to be her Husband, endeavours to make way for an Interview with her, but finding all means ineffectual (she being so closely mew'd up, (another *Comfort* of *Forced Marriage*) by her Eagle ey'd and *Jealous Husband*, insomuch that nothing could be transacted, but he must necessarily find out, for *Zelotypiæ nihil impervium*, Jealouſie is too quick-sighted to be disappointed by

ny endeavours whatsoever, whereupon he resolves to take other measures, and therefore in great discontent (seeing he could not possibly procure the sight of the so much admired and beloved) he quits his *Native Country* to Travel in quest of some Comfort in Foreign Parts: We will now leave him in his Journey, and return to see how this *new Married Lady* bears her Affliction. She poor *Inamorata*, tho disappointed of enjoying the *Sole Object* of her *Love*, (what a cursed *Humour* is this of *Parents*, for a cram'd Coffer to confine them to the Land of Affliction?) cannot be debarred the Privilege of thought, and therefore to manage that with the greater Prudence and Privacy, she affects Retirement, and there bewailes her *Misfortune* in the enjoying this man, as well as in the utter Loss of her absent Lover (which prov'd too true at last, to her own destruction) thinks hourly of the blissful and harmless *Embraces* of her *Valiant Mars*, the mutual and innocent Protestations that passed between them at every assignation, the *Poems*, Acrostics, *Anagrams*, and the whole *Artillery* of *Love*, that they used between

one

another. This was her *sole delight*, her daly pleasure, and all the contentation that she ever enjoy'd in *her Matrimonial (tho* unfortunate) *Condition*: and tho all these private Solaces were shrowded with all Honest and Modest Contrivances, yet her Carriage to her *Husband* did not seem so obliging to him, as he thought he might deserve, and therefore could impute it to nothing but unto the sudden disappointment of the Gentleman, who formerly Courted; who would certainly have studied to procure his Destruction by some means or other, but that he knew he had deserted the country, and went a way *Incognito*, so that there was no great Fear or Probability of his coming to cares his Lady; but alas! he is mistaken; for his End is by superiour Power otherwise appointed. And now let us return to our Traveller; when he arrived at the place, there happened to be War in those parts, who being *Magnanimous* and *Martial*, (having lost his Lady, scorn'd his Life) he went immediately into the Wars, and was entertain'd according to his *Desert* and *Quality*; the Enemy being near at hand, he accoutred himself for an Attaque, which he did attempt with that *Briskness* and

Valour

Valour (among those in the *Front*) that nothing but one stimulated by *Love*, and a Contempt of his Life and Person, could ever have so valiantly performed; but behold the unlucky Chance of War! He in this over-Manful Assault, received a *Mortal Wound*, to the great grief of those who were spectators of his *Valour* and *Courage*, whereupon he was immediately brought off, and convey'd to his own Lodgings; where arrived, he languished some little time, and a little before his Death, he called an *Ancient Servant* to him (whose *Fidelity and Truth* he had often experienced) and told him, that he had, at this juncture of time, a weighty Business to unbosome to him, and intrust him with, conjuring him by all imaginable, obliging Expressions and Desires to see it effected, which was as followeth: I am sensible (saith he) that I am very near my Expiration, and therefore after my *Death*, procure some *Chyrurgeons* to open my *Body*, take the *Heart* out of my *Breast*, and put it into an *Earthen-Pot*, that it may be *Baked* to the consistence of a *Fine Powder*, and having so done, put it into a handsome *Box* with this *Bracelet of Hair*, that he had

had worn about his *Left Wrist* (being a *Lock* of his *Lady* before mentioned) then place it in the *Powder*, together with this little *Billet or Note*, written with my own *Blood* to her, and after you have bestowed upon me the *Rites* of a *Decent* and *Christian Burial*, make all possible speed to her in her own *Country*, (which you know very well as well as her place of Residence) and deliver the said *Box* to her own hands. The *Old, True Servant*, did perform all that his *Master* had given him in Command, and so departed; arriving with great *Expedition*, at the *Country* and *Place* designed by his *Master*; and coming one day to her *House*, he unluckily, tho unexpectedly was surprised by the *Ladies Husband*, who knew him very well, and that he was *Servant* to that *Gentleman* who formerly made *Applications* to his *Lady*; and he examined him with a *Brow-beating* severity, and finding him timorous, and hesitating in his Discourse and Replies made no more ado but ransackt him and found the forementioned *Box* in his *Pocket*, with the *Note*, which specified what was contained in it; he *Husband* upon this dismist the *Ag* *Serva*

Servant with Menaces, charging him never more to approach his Houſe upon his own peril, and ſo the poor Servant departed *reinfecta*, and his Maſter's Commands uneffected, tho' by Misfortune (as he thought certainly) diſobey'd. The Gentleman thereupon ſpeedily reenters his Houſe, ſends for his Cook, and delivers him the Pouder, and withal charging him to make ſome ſmall ſavoury Diſh of it, without loſing the leaſt particle of it, upon the forfeiture of his abſolute diſpleaſure, becauſe it was a very coſtly *Cordial*, and commanded him to bring it in himſelf after the laſt Courſe at Supper; and the Cook did ſo accordingly: as ſoon as it was placed on the Table, he ordered all Perſons to quit the Room, which was no ſooner ſaid than done; and ſo began to enter into a moſt ſerious Diſcourſe with his Wife; how that ever ſince his *Marriage*, he obſerved her *Dejected*, *Melancholick Carriage*, and he did very much fear, that it was occaſion'd by ſome inward *Conſumption*, therefore he had made proviſion of a very Sovereign Remedy, which he was very well ſatisfied would cure her infallibly; thereupon he made her eat

it

it all up, and when ſhe had ſo done in obedience to him, very earneſtly importun'd him to diſcover what it was, who told her for ſatisfaction at laſt, that ſhe had eaten her firſt Courtiers Heart, ſo drew the Box out of his Pocket, and ſhew'd her the Note and Bracelet, at which in a ſuddain Tranſportation, uſher'd with a deep ſigh, ſaid, *This is Precious indeed*, and lickt the Diſh clean, ſaying, *it is ſo Precious, that 'tis pity any other Meat ſhould be taken down after it*; thus ſhe went to Bed, and made good her words; for in the Morning ſhe was found Stone-dead.

Now I preſume you are ſatisfied with the ſtrangeneſs of this unparallel'd Comfort, the mere effect of a Compulſive Marriage againſt Reaſon, Senſe and nature, to the Ruine of their own Daughter, and the Death of a Worthy and Valiant Gentleman, tho both to be commended as much for their Fidelity and Conſtancy, as the Parent were to be blamed for their Violence and Covetouſneſs, tho ſhe had at laſt the two Hearts joyned together, in ſpight of Father and Fate, yet upon my Heart I cannot away with this kind of Cannibal-like and Unnatural Conjunction.

Thu

Thus we have done with these Eighteen Comforts of Matrimony; and I call them Comforts, because those that are Married think them so, and will not be perswaded to the contrary, tho I look upon them as the worst of Misfortunes. I do not, nay I dare not say, that every Married Man tastes of all these *Comforts*; But I will affirm this for truth, that there is no wedded Person living, how Wise and Cautelous soever, but is sensible, at the least, of one of these *Comforts*. Nor on the other hand do I say it is ill done to Marry; but it is not well done certainly, for a man to be so Stupid and Insensible, as those we here Discourse of apparently declare themselves to be, and so are enslaved with a self-procured Bondage. I would not willingy disoblige the Female Sex, nor indeed do I, if read without Prejudice, and rightly understood, the *Contents* of this *Treatise*, tending much to their Honour and Commendation, in all which Rencounters the Women win the day, come off Triumphantly, and Man is most shamefully worsted by the weaker Sex: and 'tis but reason it should be so, considering

ring the Wrongs that they ſuffer by the Oppreſſion and Severity of their Husbands, by *Violence*, and without Reaſon; only becauſe they are not of ſo Robuſtous Conſtitution, and are ſent into the World with no other Weapon but the Tongue, nor any other Defence but their Chaſtity, tho daily expoſed to the *crafty Aſſaults* of *Wily Man*: Nature having ſent them ſo weakly Arm'd into the World, it is a prodigious ſhame, that Men ſhould ſo barbarouſly inſult over them, who are ſo ready to ſerve and obey, without whoſe Society the *World* would ſoon be a *Deſart*, nay Men could not, did not, nor cannot live happily.

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FINIS.

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